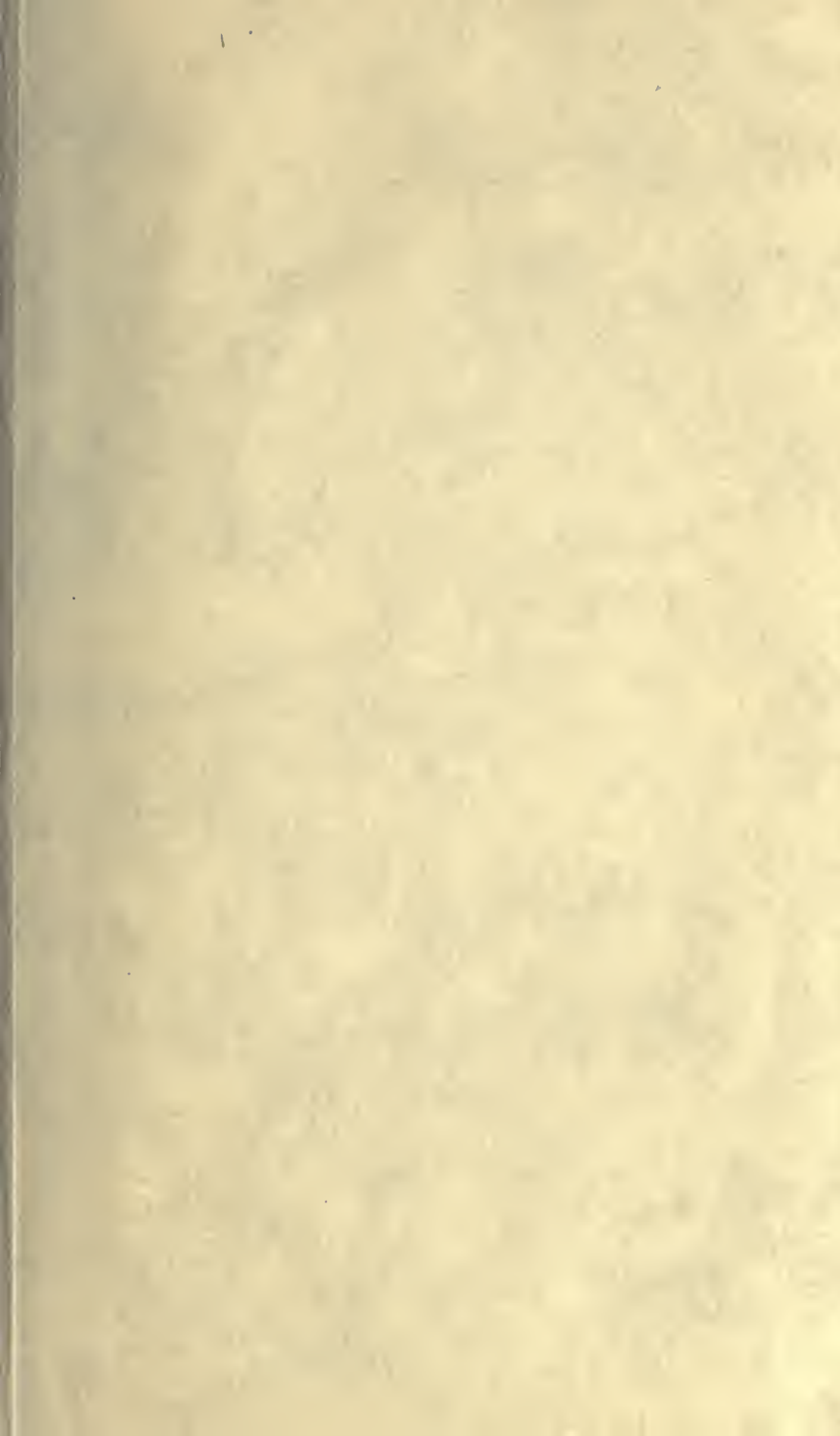






THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



Ex libris

Charles

Atwood

Kofoid



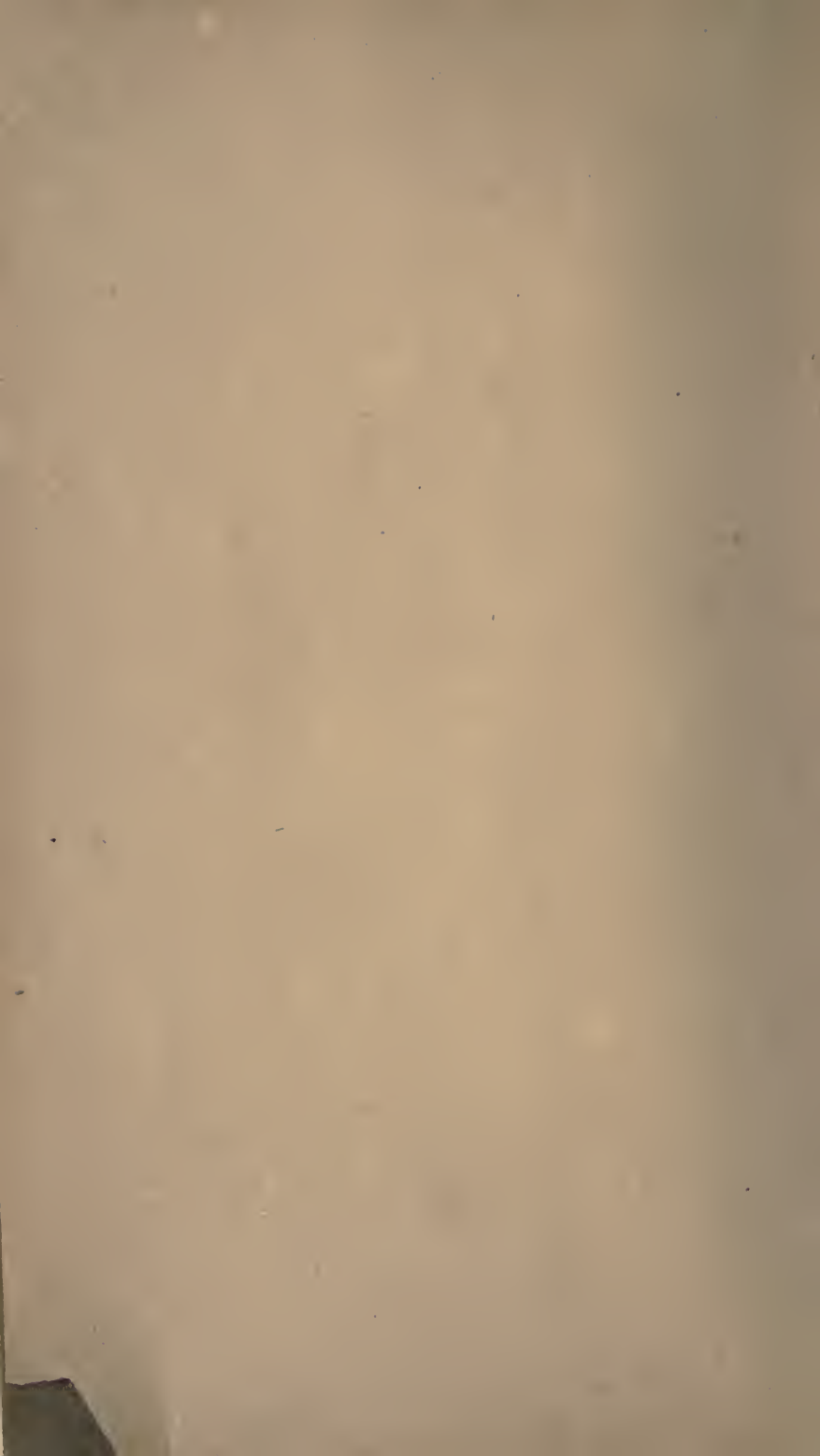
Rev. Amos A. Baber

Tremont, Ohio

March 26th 1828

21

~~420~~



NOTES OF MY FOURTH VOYAGE

TO THE

AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

NOTES OF MY FOURTH VOYAGE

TO THE

AUSTRALIAN COLONIES,

INCLUDING

AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, AND NEW ZEALAND,

1886.

Presented to W. H. Gifford

BY

RICHARD TANGYE, F.R.G.S.

Sep. 1886

BIRMINGHAM :

WHITE AND PIKE, MOOR STREET PRINTING WORKS.

DU
102
T15m

THE following Notes were written in lieu of letters to my home circle ; but, in compliance with requests from many friends, I have had them printed for more general circulation.

R. T.

GILBERTSTONE, BIRMINGHAM,

September, 1886.

I N D E X .

	PAGE.
Stowaways	2
At Teneriffe: Cheeky Young Arabs—Prickly Pear, Cochineal—Spanish Governor—Small-pox—Sir F. Drake, Defeat of	3
“Will you Buy my Pies?”	5
Zulu, the Captain’s Dog	6
Zulu, a rare Deck Watch	11
Zulu, Death of	22
Zulu and the Drunken Fireman	22
“The real Richard Tangye, of Birmingham”	7
Ignorance of the State of the Colonies	8
Brainless Youths—Drink—Gambling	9
Major L—— and John Bright	10
Major L—— is exceedingly Polite	17
Major L—— says “All Men are Humbugs”	21
At Cape Town	13
Nimrod, the Mighty Hunter	15
Nimrod Teaches the Gamblers “Poker”	15
And is Himself “Cleared Out!”	16
Nimrod <i>not</i> a Mighty Hunter	19
The Captain a Liberal!	15
The Brave West Winds	16
Icebergs	18
High Play	21
Suitable Clothing for Voyage to Australia	24
The Piano Nuisance on Board Ship	25
“Shut up that Machine”	25
Snow in Summer in Tasmania	27
He was <i>not</i> a Convict	29
He went to Sea once too often	30
Colonial Hotels	32, 57, 58, 59, 63, 68, 70, 78

	PAGE.
Pisciculture	33
In the Wrong Cabin	36
My Lords, the Working Men: Object to Good Paint —Do as Little as Possible—Discourage Immigra- tion—Will not Sweep Streets	38
House Rents in the Colonies	39
How to get on in the Colonies	39, 82
Doing Well	41
Mount Macedon	42
A Lonely Grave	43
Bats in Bedrooms	44
The Pleasure of Getting	45
The Pleasure of Spending	45
“What of Life?”	46
Bishops—Alligators—Beetles	47
Orion	48
The Land of Toothache	49
Walking off with the Chicken	49
The Noble Unemployed	50
The Tangyian Railway	50
The Birmingham Corporation	51
Shakespeare, the First Folio	51
Wedgwood Medallions—Captain Cook	52
A Churlish Official	53
Snake Bites, Infallible Cure for	54
Tramways	54
Katoomba—The Blue Mountains	55
Funeral Poetry, “My Mother’s Gone”	56
“He did not believe in <i>Dead Men</i> ”	57
Mount Victoria	58
Edwin and Angelina	58
Colonial Servants	59
The Fish River Caves	60-67
Kangaroos	60
Rough Riding	61

	PAGE.
Jerry Wilson	62
Clean your own Boots	63
Aquarius	65
Elderly Ladies	65
Colonial Freedom	65, 66
“Do you want Platypus?”	67
Hotel, Blockey's	68
Emptying Basins out of Window	68
Snails in Bedrooms	68
Hang up your Boots!—Rats	68
“Where's that train from, eh, Boss?”	70
“Have ye no Matches?”	70
Plum Puddings—Duty on	71
Cole's Bookshop, Melbourne	72
“Him's Ancient, Him's Modern”	72
Uncomfortable Fellow-passenger	73
“Bottling a Drunkard”	74
My Portrait in <i>Graphic</i> —am recognised by it	74, 75
“They must Smoke”	76
“What's His <i>Front</i> Name?”	81
Sheep Eating Glass Bottles and Climbing Trees	82
The Right Kind of Emigrant	82
Sydney Free Library	83
Reading the Bible	83
“Hullo! Hullo!”	84
A Sheep Thief	85
Do You Eat Sausages?	86
Deceiving the Ducks	87
M.P.'s and their Speeches	87
“Stand by the Banks!”	88
Yankee Steamers	89
Why Yankee Knives Won't Cut	90
Yankee Habits at Table	90
The Unprofitableness of Meekness	92
Auckland	93

	PAGE.
"A Regular Gorge"	93
The City of Oxford	94
The First Sight of the Maories	95
Maori Habits	95
Maori Hospitality—Paying Proper Respect	96
The "Pig Dog"	97
The Chivalrous British	98
The Land of Brimstone	99
Ohinemutu—The Land Court	100
These Degenerate Days	101
Curious Land Titles	102
A Maori Auction	102
Hot Water Always On	103
Maori Superstition	103
"Oh, She was Boiled!"	104
Tikitapu Bush—Glow-worms	104
Across Lake Tarawera	105
Maori Communism—The Pipe	106, 114
"Hang Saving!"	115
Rotomahana: The White Terrace	107
The Inferno	108
The Pink Terrace	109, 110
"Pain in the Stomach"	109
A Tangi	111
Native Doctors—Giving the Quietus	112
Maori Fatalism—"I shall surely Die"	113
A Maori Funeral	114
"Very few men like Hard Work"	116
"Why won't people Die when you want them to?"	116
Tikitere—Sheol	117
The Horrible Pit	118
The Rata Tree	118
Hinemoa, The Legend of	120
Wairakei	121
Getting Lost in the Bush	121

	PAGE.
Hot Champagne	122
An Awful Country	122
Pug Mills—Tilt Hammers	123
Donkey Pumps	123
A Boiling River	124
The Karapiti Fumarole	125
“A General Burst Up”	125
The Falls of Huka	126
Loffley’s	126
At Taupo	126
“Truly Irish”	127
Volcanic Activity	128
Napier: Woodville	129
„ Streets named after Poets	130
“Eat-your-cake-and-have-it”	130
Tough Steaks	130
Wine in—Wit out	131
Masterton—Wellington	131
Why “Buggy?”	133
Dunedin: “Romanry Nasianse”—The Cable Tram- way—Old Identities—New Iniquities— At the First Church—Brawling	134
. The Whiskey would not come—The Queen’s Birthday	136
The Mosgiel Woollen Mills—“Kindly per- use these Ferns”—Hospitable Dunedin	137
Parliamentary Amenities	135
“Five Shillings a Week”	137
A Bag of Sermons	137
To Christchurch	138
The Prophet of Arley	139
I am interviewed	140
The Canterbury Pilgrims	141
Port Lyttleton	141
“Out into the Infinite”	142

	PAGE.
"Now then, who says <i>Pig?</i> "	143
"Him no likee Beer?"	144
Missionary Oxen	145
The Russian Knout	146
Cape Horn	146
Rio de Janeiro	147
32,000 Coins for a Dinner for Six!	148
Trial for Breach of Promise	150
The Charge	151
Sergeant Goggs explains	152
The Volcanic Eruptions	155
The Day Before	156
The Day After	157





NOTES OF MY FOURTH VOYAGE TO THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

Plymouth,
Sunday,
Jan. 3rd, 1886.

Lat. 47° 11' N.
Long. 7° 23' W.

230 miles in
16 hours.

Went on board at one o'clock yesterday, weighed anchor at 8.15 p.m., and proceeded on our way. Very glad we lunched on shore, as there was nothing going till six o'clock, when a most excellent dinner was served.

The purser has arranged for our party to have the little table furthest from the entrance to the saloon. It is out of the draught, and very comfortable, and he sits with us. This morning he introduced me to the captain. We have no parsons on board, for a wonder, and only two children in the first-class. Beautiful sunshine all the day, and my rheumatism is already better. During the last sixteen hours we have gone at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. No sermon to-day, nor service; and so I found Mrs. T. quietly knitting on deck, quite oblivious of the fact that it was the "Sawbath." Numberless dolphins leaping over the crests of the waves alongside ship this afternoon.

5.30. p.m. Head winds continue, and get stronger. The only fault I find with the ship yet is the absence of crossways on the deck; so that there is no shelter from a head wind or a "following" wind. At night the saloon is beautiful.

Monday,
January 4th.

Lat. $42^{\circ} 29' N.$
Long. $10^{\circ} 19' W.$

308 miles.

Head winds all day, but the vessel is as steady as a house; scarcely any motion discernible. People very quiet so far. Of course there is the usual proportion of long legs and small heads; one of whom lost £8 at cards to-day. Six stowaways were sent ashore at Plymouth, and yesterday five more came forth, black as pitch, from lying in the coals. Porpoises in shoals to-day. No news of any kind. Expect to reach Teneriffe on Thursday.

Tuesday,
January 5th.

Lat. $37^{\circ} 12' N.$
Long. $12^{\circ} 34' W.$

333 miles.

The ship's doctor once lived in Cambridge, and read my book while there, and says he was pleased with it. A beautiful day this, right through, all sunshine, and the thermometer at 60° in the shade, although we are not yet seventy-two hours from Plymouth. The water as smooth as oil, and a pleasant breeze blowing. The table is well supplied, and the cooking good; so we get on well. The officers and stewards are all very kind and nice.

The bathing to-day was delightful.

Wednesday,
January 6th.

Lat. $31^{\circ} 49' N.$
Long. $14^{\circ} 28' W.$

336 miles.

We are just getting into the region of splendid sunrises and sunsets; not such frauds as G. H. and I saw from the deck of the "Parramatta." Thermometer to-day

sixty-five degrees in the shade ; sea water, sixty-one degrees. A very quiet company, and everything going on very comfortably. Water just as smooth as inside Plymouth breakwater ever since we left.

Thursday,
January 7th.

—
At Teneriffe.

Santa Cruz. We arrived here at four o'clock this morning, and posted various letters. At nine o'clock we went ashore, and our party strolled through the town and up the hill side. The oranges, pepper trees, hibiscus, and a great variety of brilliant flowers, made the place quite gay. Crimson and yellow roses and heliotrope filled the air with delicious scents.

Oranges and bananas are very cheap, and the people seem cheerful and lazy. The children are like young Arabs, as cheeky as you please, and begging and following you everywhere. I had no coppers, but showed a young urchin sixpence, at the same time making a sign indicating I could not give so much, when, as quick as thought, he took out coppers and offered to change. Going down one street we saw a small boy sitting in the middle of the road, with a saucepan before him, fanning with a palm leaf what proved to be a small charcoal fire. One of our party had the curiosity to remove the cover of the saucepan, and found that it contained potatoes. A great article of cultivation is the prickly pear, from which cochineal is obtained. At one time this was a source of great wealth, but the invention of aniline dyes has reduced the prices very much. We went up under a great gateway to one of these gardens, the road being lined

on either side with tree geraniums and our old friend the tamarisk. As we walked up, a big black retriever dog came rushing towards us, barking loudly. I looked at the gardener standing by, and made signs of biting, at the same time pointing to the dog. He laughed, shook his head, and said, "Non, non!"

The peak, as usual, was sulky, with its head wrapped in clouds.

On the flat roof of one of the houses we saw a huge black dog, which we at first supposed to be carved in stone, reminding us of the old stone lion on Northumberland House, in Trafalgar Square, until it began to move, and dispelled the illusion.

The island of Teneriffe belongs to Spain. A few years ago a new governor was appointed, and, during his voyage to the island, small-pox broke out on board ship, which, on arrival, was put into quarantine. Notwithstanding this, the governor determined to land, and made the attempt, but the people with one accord resisted, closed all the shops, took up arms, and compelled him to return to the vessel. This island is interesting to Englishmen as being the scene of Sir Francis Drake's only defeat at the hands of the Spaniards, which happened during his last voyage, from which he never returned.

After taking in 300 tons of coal and a quantity of fruit, we started again on our way, having spent a very enjoyable time; but having gone a couple of miles or so, it was discovered that the agent had forgotten to take the letters ashore; so we

had to put back, blowing the whistle and running up signals. A boat and a tug put off—the boat reaching us first—but we were hindered quite an hour. This is the second false start since leaving London.

No electric light to-night ; the engine having broken down. (Of course it is not ours !)

Friday,
January 8th.
Lat. 24° 16' N.
Long. 17° 03' W.
256 miles.

In my book of travels* I gave some instances of the effect drink has in bringing men of education and good position into poverty and hard (query Bass's) straits in Australia. A fellow-passenger told me to-day of a recognition which took place in Melbourne between two old friends who were born in Stirling, and brought up there together. One of them had taken to drinking, and gone from bad to worse, until, as a last resource, his friends shipped him off to Australia. A few years afterwards the other friend, who had prospered in the world, went on a voyage to Australia, and one day, in walking through the streets of Melbourne, to his surprise, he saw his old schoolfellow hawking pies about the street. He went up to him, and began to condole with him on his reverses, but was quickly cut short with the exclamation—“ D—— your sympathy ! *Will you buy my pies ?* ”

We were to have had a concert to-morrow ; but it will not come off, as some of the ladies who had promised to sing, now decline, because the captain took only *two* ladies on shore with him yesterday.

* Sampson Low & Co., 188, Fleet Street, London.

We are now in most glorious weather. The sea as smooth as oil, and the only breeze there is made by the progress of the ship. Just before daybreak this morning a flying fish, attracted by a lamp, flew on to the main deck. It measured sixteen inches in length, and about the same from tip to tip of wing.

A most magnificent sunset; the moon and Venus shining out most brilliantly. To-night, during dinner, the electric light suddenly went out, leaving us in complete darkness until the lamps could be lit. The provisions are very good in every way; far superior to any other ship I have been in.

Saturday,
January 9th.
Lat. 18° 48' s.
Long. 18° 0' w.

333 miles.

The captain has a large black retriever dog, called "Zulu," which follows him closely about everywhere, and never allows anyone to interfere with a sailor or officer.

In cold weather the dog likes a warm berth, and regularly visits the cabin occupied by the second and third officers. Directly either of them is out of bed, in jumps Zulu, and covers himself up with the clothes, with his head on the pillow. Upon one occasion the captain was clearing his ship at Port Said before entering the canal. The anchor was up; the agent's clerk just about to leave; and, taking up his bundle of papers from the captain's deck, he ran to the side, and was just getting over on to the rope ladder, when Zulu seized his clothes and held him fast. When he turned round, the dog released him; but the instant he again attempted to leave the vessel, Zulu again

caught him and held him fast, until the captain came to the rescue. I told the captain he should call him the “ Black Watch.”

At six o'clock this morning we got into the N.E. Trades, and so have a lot of sails set. The captain says this will not add to our speed, as the steam beats the wind, but I should say it saves the coal. We have now been out a week, and it is like a long summer's holiday; the ship as steady as a house the whole time, and most glorious weather; even Alice L—— would enjoy it.

We have several military officers on board—out for a holiday trip to New Zealand and back in this ship. One is Major L——, with whom I have had a good chat to-day. I fancy he is related to Lord Henry L——. He is very much like him. One of our quartermasters was on the Orient on our last outward voyage, and recognised me at once. He is a stout, jolly-looking Irishman, named Doyle. He remembered Lord L——, of course, and laughed heartily at his picture in my book,* saying it was just like him.

Sunday,
January 10th.

Lat. $13^{\circ} 12' N.$
Long. $18^{\circ} 0' W.$

336 miles.

M. D.'s daughter tells us to-day that a third-class passenger, hailing from Hales-owen, asked her if the “ real Richard Tangye, of Birmingham,” was on board. One of the second-class stewards is from Acock's Green, and is named “ Millets,” I think.

* Sampson Low & Co., 188, Fleet Street, London.

This morning, at five o'clock, we sighted Cape Verde lighthouse twenty miles off, and signalled. We also passed a small French schooner, about 150 tons, manned by blacks. She is from Senegal.

Monday,
January 11th.

Lat. $7^{\circ} 54' N.$
Long. $17^{\circ} 22' W.$

320 miles.

Weather hot, close, and muggy, and nothing stirring. There is a poor little girl in the second class with bad spinal curvature, ten years old, going out with her mother and two sisters to the father in New Zealand. She has to lie down all the time. We sent her toys, books, cakes, and ginger-nuts.

The man from Halesowen, who wished to see me, came up to-day, and I had a talk with him. He has a little money, and imagines there are no ironmongers' shops in New Zealand, and that he is going to supply a want! I tell him he is mistaken, and that he had better save his money, and get a situation, until he knows the country better.

Tuesday,
January 12th.

Lat. $5^{\circ} 24' N.$
Long. $12^{\circ} 54' W.$

305 miles.

The aristocracy of a ship's crew! Yesterday one of the firemen became ill from the extreme heat, and to-day I enquired of one of the quartermasters how he was. He replied he did not know that a fireman *was* ill; "For," said he, "we don't mix with any of those fellows, we quartermasters; we keeps to ourselves, you see, sir!"

Wednesday,
January 13th.

Lat. $3^{\circ} 08' N.$
Long. $7^{\circ} 57' W.$

327 miles.

Very hot and uncomfortable. Cabins frightfully hot, being near the boilers; and the rattle of the ashes lift at midnight, and at four o'clock, renders a night's rest

almost impossible of attainment. I have not had two nights' rest since I came on board, and am "down" accordingly. It is scandalous that hydraulic lifts are not used for the ashes in place of the geared wheels.

Major L—— told me last night that he was a cousin of the Duke of ——, and, consequently, of Lord Henry L——, the resemblance to whom, in person, dress, and voice, is most comical.

Thursday,
January 14th.

Lat. $0^{\circ} 56' S.$
Long. $4^{\circ} 58' W.$

303 miles.

A current of one and a half knots an hour has been against us most of the night, and so has hindered our progress.

Last evening we attended a concert in the second class. Music very fair; much better than the first. A topical song was introduced, in which some of the saloon snobs were mildly taken off. We have the usual set of brainless youths on board, out for their health, but always smoking and drinking, and getting paler and worse every day. We have several young officers of the Guards also: men who went through the Soudan campaign. They seem very good fellows; and no doubt the holiday is grateful to them.

Speaking of Burnaby, they say he was not in the least popular with his brother officers, except for his undoubted dash and spirit of enterprise; and even this was ascribed to his desire for notoriety, which was a consuming passion with him. So that the Liberal estimate of his character was a very correct one. These Guardsmen are all Tories, too.

Friday,
January 15th.

Lat. $5^{\circ} 55'$ s.
Long. $3^{\circ} 03'$ w.

320 miles.

We have now been out a fortnight, and the vessel has been as quiet as she was inside the breakwater at Plymouth during the whole time. I should think there was never such a voyage before. The heat has been great, but is now much less, and is getting cooler, although it will be hot enough at the Cape, where we expect to be on Friday next.

Saturday,
January 16th.

Lat. $9^{\circ} 50'$ s.
Long. $0^{\circ} 09'$ e.

3 $\frac{1}{3}$ miles.

Major L—— told a fellow-passenger the other day that when he saw the name of Richard Tangye in the list of passengers, he thought he should have a disagreeable fellow-traveller, for he had always associated my name with that of Chamberlain, Bradlaugh, *et hoc*! He had expected to find a loud, blatant, dogmatic, and disturbing person, but was surprised to find that his ideas were altogether wrong. We have had a number of long chats on various subjects, and, although we differ, we do not disagree; and Mr. E—— (the fellow-passenger referred to) says the major said he was much taken with me.* He is now reading my book, and, doubtless, in due time will come to his cousin's portrait (see page 237 "Reminiscences of Travel;" Sampson Low & Co.).

Gambling, drinking, and piano, all day long, is the order of the day here, and some of the young fools are beginning to look very serious.

* This favourable opinion was subsequently considerably modified upon my protesting against his saying that "John Bright was the greatest liar in England!"

The electric light is always breaking down. The engine is *not* one of ours.

Sunday,
January 17th.

Lat. 13° 46' S.
Long. 3° 34' E.

310 miles.

The captain's dog, Zulu, is a rare deck watch. Whenever a second or third-class passenger walks along the promenade deck from their quarters at the stern to the third class forward, the dog always gets up and walks along with them, and as soon as they get to the dividing line, or the stairs, he barks at them, and does not leave them till they are clear of the first-class deck. The other evening a man was walking along with a bottle in his pocket, the neck protruding. Zulu kept his nose to the bottle, bumping against it, and would not let the man go until he took the bottle out and showed it. Cajolery is useless with him.

To-day, one of the stewards was badly burnt by methylated spirits taking fire while, against orders, he was drawing it with a naked light.

Last night a lot of smokers slept in some spare sails, and got up late this morning. While at breakfast, one of the officers saw smoke passing the saloon windows, and going up to ascertain the cause, found the sails on fire; the careless smokers having dropped the ashes from their pipes on the sails! Just like them!

To-day, athletic sports were the great event. All sorts of games, cockfighting, racing in sacks, etc., etc., followed by abundant drinking (as usual).

Monday,
January 18th.

Lat. 17° 39' S.
Long. 6° 52' E.

301 miles.

We thought of “Abraham” on his birthday—out of his teens, and a man, nearly!

Tuesday,
January 19th.

Lat. $21^{\circ} 44'$ S.
Long. $10^{\circ} 09'$ E.

307 miles.

Major L—— is a nice, amiable old boy, and very friendly. He came to tea with us the other day, and told us of his experiences in the Indian Mutiny. He was at the taking of Lucknow; and it was only by accident that he was not shut up in Cawnpore, and massacred there. The advanced guard of his regiment (seventeen in number) did get in, and all fell.

To-day we have passed out of the tropics. It has been a beautiful day—bright and cool, but with a strong head wind; indeed, we have had head winds nearly ever since we left; but the ship is as steady as a church, and has never tumbled about a “little bit.” A fine sunset at seven o'clock, and a full moon, or nearly so; but the evening air is decidedly cool, and an overcoat is quite needful.

Wednesday,
January 20th.

Lat. $25^{\circ} 55'$ S.
Long. $13^{\circ} 33'$ E.

312 miles.

To-day we passed through a veritable red sea; for miles the water was covered with what is supposed to be a lot of animalculæ. We are off Angra Pequena, and so think of old Bismarck, and wish he was there.

Thursday,
January 21st.

Lat. $30^{\circ} 30'$ S.
Long. $16^{\circ} 40'$ E.

321 miles.

This morning, at daybreak, land was seen fifty miles distant; the tops of mountains along the coast being visible. During the day we passed through a tremendous shoal of mackerel, which danced out of the water as lively as crickets, and many were caught by a lot of birds.

The bell has just gone which summons me to bed, and I hear the look-out man say: “Lamps bright and all’s well,” and so, as I have to be up at six o’clock in the morning, to see our ship enter the harbour, I write no more.

Friday,
January 22nd.
At Cape Town. We anchored at half-past four, and at half-past five duly received a telegram from home, which was very welcome.

At half-past six, we took a boat to the Wharf, Mrs. T., Mr. and Mrs. Young, and myself, and walked for a mile and a half into the centre of the town. We were too early for the Post Office, so went to St. George’s Hotel, and ordered breakfast, then posted our letters, took a carriage, and went all over the neighbourhood. Our time was very limited, or I should have preferred to walk, as the air was cool and pleasant, with bright sunshine. We drove through beautiful lanes and streets, with the oleander, or, as they call it here, the Ceylon rose, in full bloom, stretching across the roads; the fragrant or pungent pepper tree, as at Teneriffe; the blue gum, with evergreen oaks and pines; huge sunflowers, and other bright flowers, tamarisk, &c., &c. The air was heavy with scent from trees and flowers. Many beautiful avenues growing thickly—the abundance of their leaves effectually keeping out the sun—give grateful shelter, and form pleasant lounges for young men and maidens, old men, and nursemaids and children. These lovely avenues are Government property; they are well cared for, and must be a precious possession in this climate. The

houses are of the usual pattern for hot climates—low, with verandahs, and covered with creepers and flowering plants. We saw an encampment of volunteers, who were called out on account of a ferment amongst the Malays, a number of whom live here. They have been greatly excited lately, because their graveyard, which was full, has been closed, and another set apart four miles away. They say that in their country they *may-lay* their dead where they like; and that, being used to *malay-ria*, they rather like such diseases, and are disgusted because the whites don't.

The public buildings are fine, and we greatly enjoyed our three hours' visit.

Not a beggar in the whole place!

The poor steward who was so badly burnt, was sent to the hospital here; he looked a shocking object as he was placed in the boat. We collected £10 for him.

At half-past twelve we were off again, and began immediately to encounter a heavy sea, which tossed us about merrily. Crockery is breaking, and people tumbling in all directions; the "fiddles" are being placed on the tables for dinner, and the cabins made snug for the night, for it looks as though we shall have a lively one.

Saturday,
January 23rd.

Lat. $37^{\circ} 28' S.$
Long. $22^{\circ} 26' E.$

308 miles.

A very "rough and tumble" night. This morning we are in a heavy cross sea, always rough and tumbly. The captain says the damage done to ships here used

to keep the Cape busy, but now the better class of ships in use get through it better, and no such repairs are needed.

We took on board here twenty-eight second and third-class passengers, and two first-class. One of the latter is an ex-army surgeon, who returned only yesterday from the Zambesi river, 1,800 miles up from Cape Town, where he had been lion and elephant shooting.

The weather and sea have both been most unpleasant all day, and continue to be so.

Sunday,
January 24th.

Lat. $39^{\circ} 54'$ s.
Long. $28^{\circ} 03'$ E.

301 miles.

"Nimrod," the mighty hunter of the Zambesi, is going to teach the gamblers to play at Poker, so I fancy he will prove to be the boy who will clear them all out. If so, they will get no sympathy from me, and Nimrod no credit.

Monday,
January 25th.

Lat. $41^{\circ} 48'$ s.
Long. $34^{\circ} 17'$ E.

305 miles.

The weather has completely changed; it is now fine, and the sea smooth, but with a long roll. The expected "brave west winds" have not yet arrived, or we ought to have some fine rollers here. To-night, however, as we are going below, the wind is increasing. The ship has a decided "list" to port, and I called the captain's attention to it. He says the engineers have taken rather too much coal from the other side.

The captain began his seafaring life as a Tory, but the works of Buckle and J. Stuart Mill were put into his hands, and a thorough study of them has made him entirely Liberal. I must get Captain Goddard and Captain Hewison to study those same works.

Tuesday,
January 26th.

Lat. $43^{\circ} 41'$ S.
Long. $41^{\circ} 17'$ E.

330 miles.

"The brave west winds" have come, and we are bowling along; but the captain expects to have them stronger yet.

A little rain to-day. At eight a.m. the thermometer stood at 54 degrees on deck; at eleven it went down to 48 degrees, so it is expected that there is ice about. The captain has ordered the temperature of the sea and air to be tested every half hour. Overcoats again in request.

Two nights ago, Nimrod and a select party retired to one of the officers' cabins after the smoke room was cleared, and there they remained till seven the next morning, playing at loo and poker. A gallant officer won £40 before one a.m., and then announced his intention of "turning in," as it would soon be his turn on duty. At this there was a howl, but the claims of "duty" prevailed, and the officer kept his £40. They made such a row that the chief engineer told us his officers, who slept in the adjoining berth, had no sleep, and grumbled loudly.*

Last night, to the universal surprise, Nimrod, who was going to "clear out" everybody, got cleared out himself, so stayed in bed till one o'clock to-day. M—, too, lost heavily, and so remained in his cabin, saying he was not well, but having won the "sweep" at half-past twelve, he reappeared quite recovered!

* Shipowners would do well to impress upon their officers the excellent general order given by Sir F. Drake to his officers:—

"You must not permit any gambling in the ships with cards or dice, by reason of the numerous quarrels usually resulting from that practice."

Wednesday,
January 27th.

Lat. 45° 22' S.
Long. 48° 48' E.

340 miles.

A tremendous roll during the whole night. One young lady, one old gentleman (83 years old) and M—— rolled out of bed. The old gentleman is Dr. D——, and says he is going out for the benefit of his health, and to take a practice in New Zealand. He entered his age as sixty, but looks as old as Methuselah.

This morning I heard Nimrod, the hunter, say to Ramrod, the soldier, that to his great surprise he found a packet of sovereigns in an odd pocket, so we shall have more gambling to-night.

Here is a sight! The cousin of a Duke on his hands and knees, on a damp deck, looking for a knitting needle, lost by the wife of a certain Radical from Birmingham. Mrs. T—— dropped her knitting needle, and Major L—— (age about 55) was most persevering in his attempts to find it.

The Major has now read my book, and I am told the old boy recognised the sketch of his cousin, Lord Henry L——, and said it was just like him.

The gamblers and others are anxious to know if I propose writing another book, and I see curious eyes directed towards me as I write my notes.

Nimrod came up to me to-day, and informed me that he knew Newquay and the neighbourhood very well, and also, of course, Glendorgal. He also told me that the oyster diver, if carefully cleaned and its inside filled with lemon before cooking, made an excellent dish; and so, indeed, did a gull, only that required three lemons. I suggested that probably "plucking" a "gull" would be even more to the taste of some people.

Thursday,
January 28th

Lat. $46^{\circ} 29' \text{ s.}$
Long. $56^{\circ} 48' \text{ E.}$

343 miles.

During the night, the wind got quite aft, with lessened force. A quiet night, free from rolling, so we slept well. I was up at seven, and paced the deck for an hour, the thermometer there standing at forty degrees. At four o'clock this morning, the captain was called to see an iceberg to the south, about eight miles off. He estimated its height at 200 feet, but, as it took an hour and a half to lose sight of it, it proved to be 400 feet high and at a distance of eighteen miles, as the captain subsequently informed me. If we go further south we shall see more of them.

Friday,
January 29th.

Lat. $47^{\circ} 21' \text{ s.}$
Long. $65^{\circ} 25' \text{ E.}$

357 miles.

The sea-water is two degrees colder to-day, so there is more ice about. Not much rest at night, for at twelve o'clock the ashes are run up alongside my cabin and under it for about half an hour. At half-past three a.m. the stewards begin, and at a quarter past four the ashes again till five o'clock, after which the deck washing above, and the stewards below, effectually banish sleep.

Nimrod began the row at half-past eleven last night, storming, and shouting for supper, when all the stewards had gone to bed. He caused a general awakening, but the captain has given orders to look after him to-night.

Saturday,
January 30th.

Lat. $48^{\circ} 03' \text{ s.}$
Long. $73^{\circ} 24' \text{ E.}$

326 miles.

It is four weeks to-day since we came on board, and captain expects to reach Hobart on Tuesday night week, February 8th. To-day the engines stopped for an

hour, to put in piston rings, and the passengers tried to catch birds, but, being too eager, they hauled in before the birds had well taken hold, and so had none.

This afternoon and evening a bitterly cold wind has been blowing. It changed from south to north to-day, and we expected it would be warmer in consequence, but it is just the reverse, and I question if it is any colder with you than it is here. A regular blast from the north; too cold to go on deck. In the evening, a concert in saloon, with a good topical song by Muzzy.

Nimrod, the mighty hunter (it is now generally understood) has *not* been to the Zambesi.

Sunday,
January 31st.

Lat. $48^{\circ} 30' \text{ s.}$
Long. $81^{\circ} 08' \text{ E.}$

312 miles.

A dull, miserable, Scotch-misty day; but here we are within ten days of our port, and have not yet encountered a single storm. About fifty passengers leave the ship at Hobart, but most of them are for Australian ports.

In giving an account of our doings at the Cape, I forgot to say how disgusted I was at not being able to get any English news. I went everywhere, but with the same result, and nobody knew anything of what was doing in Parliament. The only thing I could find was a telegram to the effect that Lord Salisbury had told the Irish Loyalists to stand firm. "Stand firm, Moses." The Cape is a dead-alive place, and no mistake.

The temperature of the air and water is taken every half-hour. By the latter the captain gets fully informed as to the currents and their force. We, yesterday, passed out of a warm current from the north equal to a resistance of thirty miles in the twenty-four hours; the temperature being eight degrees higher than the bulk of the water in these seas at this season.

Monday,
February 1st.
Lat. $48^{\circ} 14' S.$
Long. $89^{\circ} 44' E.$
313 miles.

Captain is trying hard to get into Hobart on Monday night—a week hence, but hardly expects to do so. If he succeeds, it will have been a very fast voyage; hitherto without a storm.

Tuesday,
February 2nd.
Lat. $48^{\circ} 25' S.$
Long. $97^{\circ} 57' E.$
327 miles.

Yesterday the weather was very fine, but the ship rolled most uncomfortably. This morning the sun, sky, and sea, are glorious, and there is but little motion, except forwards; for the ship does its fourteen knots easily.

A number of fellows came on board at the Cape, with sham diamonds, sham jewellery, clothes, etc.; and they are now holding a series of auctions; but I suspect they sell their customers as often as they sell their goods.

Wednesday,
February 3rd.
Lat. $48^{\circ} 25' S.$
Long. $106^{\circ} 22' E.$
335 miles.

During the night the wind changed to S.W. strong; and about one o'clock, what G. H. H. used to call the "pirates boarding," were stamping, shouting, and whistling overhead for an hour; making the subsequent hours

of long rolls very pleasant in the berths! We were loth to get up; but when we went on deck, what a magnificent scene it was! The splendid rolling seas following us; the sails all set, and the ship rising on the billows, while the sun shone so brilliantly, caused us all to wonder and admire. Several seas shipped, and many in the steerage wet.

Thursday,
February 4th.

Lat. 48° 25' s.
Long. 114° 43' e.

332 miles.

Last night the gamblers went at it in earnest, a Hebrew losing £55 at a sitting. I am told it was a study to watch his face, as card after card turned up wrong.

He is always pale, but became cadaverous, and this morning looks mild indeed. Stupid man! I know he has not too much money, and what he has is his wife's.

The wind keeps fresh, which is very fortunate, as the coals are getting low, and we shall not have a day's supply left when we reach Hobart.

Friday,
February 5th.

Lat. 48° 25' s.
Long. 122° 45' e.

319 miles.

The major has been losing at cards, and now he has lost his temper, too. He has been falling foul of everybody and everything, and his partner at whist was almost ready to call him out, as the major said he was a humbug; indeed, everything is now "humbug" to him. The Radicals, he says, are pledged to overturn every institution in the land, whether good or bad. He told me he believed Gladstone would sell his soul for six months of power, and that John Bright was the greatest liar in England. And then he complained of the coarse language of the Radicals! The Radicals,

he says, would cut down every tree in the country, and divide the land into three-acre lots. He is sure of it, he says; and he hates the education that is being given to the working classes. This is pretty good for a man whose whole prosperity came from Charles the Second's well-known liberality.

Saturday,
February 6th.

Lat. 48° 10' S.
Long. 130° 40' E.

316 miles.

To the great regret of everyone, Zulu, the captain's splendid black Astracan-wool Newfoundland dog, died this evening. He had been rather ill for some days, but this afternoon became rapidly worse, and was evidently in great pain, crying like a child. I never saw a dog so fond of a man in my life as was Zulu of the captain. He would take no notice of anyone else, but would follow his master everywhere; and woe betide the man who should appear to menace him! Zulu was upon him at once. Captain S— told me just now that last year, when they were in Rio Janeiro harbour, he was sitting in his office on deck, writing, when a drunken fireman stumbled into the office. The captain, with a shove, sent him sprawling on the deck, when, like a shot, Zulu was upon him, and kept him down. The fireman, who was a decent fellow when sober, and knew the dog well, cried out:—"Zulu, Zulu, you wouldn't hurt me, would you? You know I have been seven voyages with you, and we have never disagreed; so don't be down upon a fellow now!" The captain is much cut up; as the dog has been his faithful companion for seven years, both on land and afloat.

To-day the wind has died away, and the sails are flapping: so our progress will be slower, as the coals have run short. Captain S—— tells me the vessel does 300 miles a day easily, with sixty tons of coal; but 350 miles takes ninety tons per day.

Monday,
February 8th.

Lat. $44^{\circ} 57' S.$
Long. $145^{\circ} 07' E.$

340 miles.

Last evening a strong N.W. wind came up, bringing fog and heavy sea along with it; so our ports were closed, and everything became close and stuffy. This morning the wind increased to half a gale, and has continued all day, with fog and rain, most uncomfortable. It is our first storm, and altogether unexpected, as we are close to Tasmania; but the fog is too dense to allow of our seeing the lighthouse. At seven o'clock the fog lifted for a minute, and the captain just caught sight of the lighthouse at South Cape. It vanished again directly; but it was enough, and the Captain was happy. We came up to our anchorage at full steam; stopping at 11.55. Went to bed at eleven. The sea was perfectly smooth as we rounded the Cape, and has been so for the last sixty miles.

Tuesday,
February 9th.

Hobart.

We sat down to breakfast at half-past eight o'clock, and, five minutes after, who should walk into the saloon but Mr. and Mrs. Waller. They arrived a few hours before us last night, and secured rooms for us at my old hotel, which is now greatly improved, and under new management. We have had some considerable trouble in getting our baggage ashore, being

directed from one wharf to another. At last, we met Captain S——, who asked what we were wandering about for ; and, pointing to the wharf from which we had just come, he said, “That’s the wharf.” We said, when we were there, they sent us to that on which we were then standing, and told us it was the one we wanted.

“Who told you so?”

“Why, a seafaring man there.”

“A seafaring and, therefore, an unreliable man!” said the captain.

The agent here recognised me as having been on the *Zealandia* ten years ago going to San Francisco. He said he always admired the way I acted in that ship ; that I was the quietest man on board ; for when others were hammering for their dinners, I was quietly eating mine, and he could never make it out. I told him that was because I made a private arrangement with the steward beforehand as to the dishes I would take.

A glorious day, and we are all the better for the voyage.

One of the greatest nuisances on board “long voyage” steamers is the lady passenger who fancies she can play and sing. If she is young, and pretty

Note as to clothing when leaving England in winter :—

From Plymouth to latitude of the Straits of Gibraltar, warm clothing ; then gradually thinner to the Tropics ; a little warmer from getting into the S.E. Trade Winds, or after passing Tropic of Capricorn, till day after leaving Cape of Good Hope ; then winter clothing till almost within sight of Tasmania. Woollen clothing of varying thickness to suit changes of temperature is the best.

good-looking, she will be encouraged in this idea by all the young men on board, and the result is too often a ceaseless “strum” and “scream” from “rosy morn” to long past the “dewy eve.” It was our misfortune to have one of these ladies on board, who shrieked and raved and hammered away to our hearts’ discontent. She was called the “voice contortionist.” So long as she confined her practice to the daytime, it was not of much consequence; but, unfortunately, she would continue it all through almost every evening, when the other passengers were compelled to be in the saloon. Everybody growled and grumbled *sotto voce*, but no one had the courage to complain, until one evening a young man, honest and unsophisticated, hailing from very far north, finding it impossible to get on with his reading, rose up and, going to the centre of the saloon, called out to the lady at the piano in the gallery above, “Mistress L——, Mistress L——, you would varra much oblige me by shutting up that machine!” The effect was instantaneous: the “machine” was shut up, and we had very much less of it for the rest of the voyage. Of course our north-country friend might have chosen a different method, but he earned our gratitude notwithstanding.

Wednesday,
February 10th.
At Hobart.

To-day we went to the Fern Tree Gulley, an hour and a half’s drive from here. A most beautiful drive along a road winding up the valley, affording beautiful views of the town and Derwent river. Mrs. H——, who came in from Launceston last night, was with us.

So the "Grand Old Man" is in again!* Major L—— met me last evening and said, "Well, your friends are in!" "Now, Major," said I, "I was not going to say a word about it!"

To-day there are wild telegrams about Socialist riots in London. I hope the right personage will catch the *Hyndman*.

Glorious weather. F. J. W. is in fine trim, and very happy in our being here. G. H. H. will be interested in hearing that the Rev. W. H. Ullmann, of the "Parramatta," died in Sydney three weeks ago. He took typhoid fever from visiting some poor people. He was very hard-working, and had a good name; although, as we know, rather eccentric and narrow-minded.

Thursday,
February 11th.

Dull, cloudy weather, and very wet and cold in the afternoon. Summer clothes in the morning, and my thickest winter clothes in the evening. High winds and blinding dust towards night.

Went to the Gardens of the Royal Society adjoining the Governor's House, which latter somewhat resembles Gilbertstone.

Friday,
February 12th.

Cold, wet, and miserable. In the house nearly all day; winter clothes being quite necessary.

* July, '86.—And now he is out again! But I hope not for long.—R.T.

Saturday,
February 13th.

I had occasion to give a cabman my name to-day, and was careful to give it distinctly, but there was no occasion, for he said at once, "Oh, Mr. Tangye! All right, sir, I know." Everybody seems to know our name, go where I will, and such recognitions generally end with "Tangye's Pumps, sir!"

A glorious morning, so we took a carriage, with a pair of horses, and drove up the mountains to the half-way house, twelve miles from Hobart, on the Huon Road. Our route lay through a magnificent valley, rising about 1,500 feet above Hobart, affording delightful views of the town and the river Derwent, and also of the open sea. We pass the Fern Tree Bower, and along a road bordered with tree ferns, lofty gum trees, blue gum, flowering heaths, blackberries (such fine ones), and acres of celandine. Lincoln will remember the road well, for he was photographed near the coach on it. We had a five hours' excursion; Mr. Waller and I walking about six miles of the way, in the delightful mountain air.

Yesterday, Mount Wellington was covered with snow, although it is still summer here.

Our cabman is the son of a Birmingham man, whose mother is, or was, in business there as a bell-hanger; his name is Smallwood. The cabman's number is 1, and he says it is a lucky number.

Sunday,
February 14th.
—
Valentine's day.

Went to meeting, and was spoken to by John Pearce, late of the Isle of Wight, who knew Joseph Beardsley, and who was over our works about five years ago.

The weather keeps fine, but cool, and our winter clothes are not too heavy.

Monday,
February 15th.

Devoted to letter-writing, packing, and preparations for our departure to-morrow.

Tuesday,
February 16th.

Off by the eight a.m. train for Campbelltown. The porter at the station is named "Bosen," so I gave him the little piece of "poetry" which, when we were boys, we used to recite at express speed, running all the words together :—

" Billy Billy Bosen,
Cut off his head and roas'en,
Put it in a basin
And wouldn't let me tas'un ;"

and which I asked him to spell, but he seemed to think there was not time. This porter is a rascal, for I paid him well to repair my trunk on the previous evening, supplying the materials for the purpose, but he failed to do it, and I shall not forget him at my next visit.

Everybody in Hobart is quite astonished at our leaving the place to-day of all days, for is it not the great annual regatta? Every shop closes, and all business (except that of publicans) is suspended. As we pass through the Domain, on the railway, we see scores of little shelter tents spread about, each with its distinctive flag, and belonging to the citizens.

H. M. ship "Nelson" lies just off Government House, and some of its sailors join in the races. Here at Bagdad, an excursion train, on its way to Hobart passes us. and the gaily-dressed passengers look at us in wonder that we should run away from the regatta; but a neighbour tells me that they will say we are Melbourne men, and are jealous.

At Campbelltown. In the churchyard we read several tombstone inscriptions, more or less curious, but one of them has an inscription intended evidently to preserve the man's memory from the suspicion of having been a convict. It says:—

"Sacred, &c., &c.,

"J. Leake,

"born at Ramsgate, Kent,

&c., &c., &c., &c.,

"Died, &c.

"He arrived *with his family* in Tasmania
 in 1823."

Beautiful moonlight night, so we wandered forth. On passing the church we heard sounds as of someone knocking the door from inside; this continued for some time. Presently the ladies coo-ee'd to us, and F. J. W. and I, standing by the church wall, coo-ee'd back, when the noise suddenly ceased, and was not heard again! The mystery is still unsolved.

Campbelltown has gone down since I was here last, and we are in a fix. There is not a horse to be had, and not a bit of information as to how we are to get to Falmouth, seventy miles away. We

have wired along the route, but some of the hotels are closed, and the others are full; so, most reluctantly, we are compelled to give it up, and as there is nothing else to be seen in this tight little island, we propose going back to Hobart for a few days and to New Norfolk.

The hotel at Stoney Creek is closed. It was there that Dr. L—— composed his "Thou and I." The widow who kept the inn now lives here, and her sailor son, whom I advised to go to sea no more, but stay and help his mother, went once too often, and was drowned. The weather is magnificent.

Just as our train started from Hobart yesterday morning two guns were fired. In the paper this morning appears this announcement:—

"Hobart Regatta.

"The welcome sound of the two guns at eight a.m., announcing that there had dawned a sufficiently auspicious morning to inaugurate the day's proceedings, was hailed with delight."

How is that for tallness?

I have just seen a telegram about the riots in Birmingham.

We return to New Norfolk, near Hobart, to-morrow. At Newtown, a suburb of Hobart, on Sunday last, a woman opened her door and found a snake on the step. It made off on the woman's calling to her son; but the latter placed a saucer of milk on the step, and the reptile came back again, upon which the young man shot it through the head. It was a black snake, and was four feet two inches long.

Thursday,
February 18th.

We left Campbelltown at 4.38 p.m. for New Norfolk, about half an hour from Hobart, reaching New Norfolk station at 8.15 p.m., when we had to drive eleven miles, reaching the township at ten o'clock.

Friday,
February 19th.
At New Norfolk.

What a beautiful place it is! A walk before breakfast across the lovely Derwent on a wooden bridge. Hop gardens on both sides on the banks; the hops fifteen feet high.

A notice board says:—

“ Caution.

“ Trespassers beware! No short cuts allowed.”

The hotel (“The Bush”) is a very bad one. The bedrooms, into which we were shown, were like papered outhouses—very small, with a certain buggy smell about them, which makes us fearful of coming out stronger in numbers than we went in.

We proposed staying at New Norfolk till next Wednesday; but after breakfast to-day, the servant, an old woman—who appeared at different times in the character of manager, waiter, and principal bottle washer—came to us and asked how long we were going to stay; and, before we could reply, informed us that our rooms were let for to-morrow! Considering that we had come eighty miles to see the place, and had wired for the rooms, we thought this was rather “rough” upon us; but after one night’s experience, we were not sorry to leave, and set to work to find others, but every place was full;

so we decided to return to Hobart by to-morrow morning's boat. However, Mr. Waller, in passing the door of the "Star and Garter," saw some people leaving, and instantly went in and engaged a beautiful set of rooms. He then went and paid our bill at "The Bush" Hotel, and brought away our things; so none of us went into the dirty place again. Here we are, and very comfortable. I have before had occasion to remark that the ways of colonial hotel-keepers and their servants are often somewhat peculiar, in the present instance the old woman before referred to, in the intervals of waiting upon us at breakfast, would sit on a sofa at the end of the room, cross her legs, and sip a cup of tea.

The day is hot and close, but we are greatly enjoying the beautiful scenery. The gardens and orchards are full of fruit—apples, plums, and cherries, and never before have we seen trees so laden. A hedgerow of hawthorns is nearly twenty feet high, and is covered with berries, and thousands of bushes of sweet-briar, with loads of red berries, are on every side.

Saturday,
February 20th.

A little rain during the night made the morning nice and fresh, so I had a ramble amongst the hop gardens. The people are busy picking—men, women, and children—and a merry group they are. One landowner, Mr. Shoobridge, an ex-Friend, employs over 100 pickers on one of his estates, and he has several.

The price for picking is 2½d. per bushel—no damaged ones to be put in. No provision is made for the accommodation of the pickers, who come from a great distance, and sleep where they can.

In the afternoon we drove to the "Fish ponds," ten miles west of New Norfolk, a most lovely drive alongside the Derwent. The ponds are near a large farm, and on passing through the yard, I caught sight of an engine on boiler, which I felt sure was of our make, and so it proved. The fish ponds are very beautifully laid out, with English trees all round. They are the property of the Government, who are trying to introduce foreign fish. The salmon get on very well until they are turned into the Derwent, when they get lost, for the river is very large. Sometimes a big fish is caught which possesses most of the characteristics of the salmon, but is not exactly like it. It is supposed the change of habitat causes the alteration. A pretty little fish from California does well, and altogether the Government are encouraged to persevere in their experiment. A glorious moonlight walk finished a most pleasant and interesting week.

Sunday,
February 21st.

Home letters, of January 6th, came to us here, and were very welcome; also a jolly long one from S. T—, which was also very welcome.

Mr. Waller and I walked for eight hours to-day, so you may imagine my rheumatic knee is not very bad now.

Monday,
February 22nd.

A drive into the bush, past orchards of apples and plums, laden in such a way as we have never before witnessed. In the garden of this hotel, we saw the fruit from one apple tree taken in, and some of them measured twelve inches in circumference, of a beautiful colour, and very good eating. The curious thing is, that while the ground just outside the orchards looks poor as may be, the orchards themselves show the most luxuriant growth.

We leave here the day after to-morrow for Launceston, en route for Melbourne, and shall be very sorry indeed to go, for it is a beautiful place, and the hotel, the "Star and Garter," most homely and comfortable. The landlord, as soon as he heard my name, said: "Oh, I have a Tangye engine, and a good one it is." He owned to me that his grandfather was one of the original white inhabitants, and got land assigned to him, which became valuable, but that the grandchildren have quarrelled about it, with the usual result, *i.e.*, the lawyers have got its value.

Tuesday,
February 23rd.

A glorious day again, spent in the woods with Mr. Waller.

Very sorry to think it is our last day at New Norfolk.

A telegram from W. B. J——, requesting us to go to his house, but we shall go to a hotel for a few days first.

Wednesday,
February 24th.

Up at six o'clock, for the twelve-mile ride to Bridgwater Station. The air was

cool and pleasant, and the views along the valley of the Derwent charming. Arrived at Launceston at a quarter to two, and had to pay 6s. for carriage of two little boxes of apples!

In the train were three people who had travelled with us a week or so before; they told me they had spent one night at New Norfolk, which was quite enough, as the hotel and its keepers were as bad as could be desired! It appears that they were the people for whom we were turned out, and, like ourselves, had intended staying a week, but the landlord and his crew, as a reward for their impudence, had the mortification of losing both sets of visitors and his rooms were vacant for five days while we were in the town.

Thursday,
February 25th. Making preparations for going on board at two o'clock. Paid a visit to Mr. Birchall, and Mrs. T—— drove to Corra Linn, and to see Mrs. Hamilton's new house, near to the Suspension Bridge.

Friday,
February 26th. Mrs. H—— came out in the tender with us, and we got on board the "Pateena" about three p.m., starting half-an-hour late, and quickly sticking in the mud. A beautiful scene, on either side of the Tamar for forty miles, till we reach the open sea; occasional clearings, with green patches of grass, down to the water's edge. A strong wind was blowing against us. After dinner (a most miserable meal) we went on the upper deck till we reached the open sea, and then the ladies retired to their cabins. I followed about half-past eight; but

we were not likely to sleep much, as the place was close, and had an all-pervading smell of cockroaches and rats. After I had been in bed half-an-hour, a young lady opened the door and came in, and seemed surprised and annoyed to find a previous occupant. Mrs. T—— then intervened, and showed her she had come to the wrong place. During the night the rats visited Mr. Waller's cabin (he saw three), and ate portions of his boots.

We have a young kangaroo on board : he eats carrots, and seems quite happy.

At ten o'clock we approached the heads of Port Phillip harbour, and passed through the "Rip" (for description of which see an admirable book called "Reminiscences of Travel," etc.*). The waves were very high, and one came on to our upper deck. Mr. Waller rather incautiously opened his cabin port, and a wave came in which filled his cabin, completely drenching Mrs. Waller, who had to leave her silk dress as a legacy to the stewardess.

At Sandridge we were met by Mr. Gordon and Mr. Retallack. The former got all our luggage cleared without examination, and the latter got conveyances, which speedily landed us at Menzies' Hotel; getting a peep at the new warehouses on the way. It was pleasant to get into a great city once more, and nice, clean quarters; and a good tea soon made us feel right again after our experiences in Bass's Straits.

* London : Sampson Low & Co., 188, Fleet Street.

Saturday,
February 27th.

Went across to the warehouse, and greatly admired it. It is really a fine building, and looks well : of great height, and very convenient. Mr. Gordon came to dinner, and then took us the regular round : first to the Zoological Gardens, where we got many fleas, and such fleas !

In the evening Mr. and Mrs. W. B. J—— called, and it was a sight to see the latter go up to Mrs. T——, grasp her around the waist, and hug her most vigorously. We went with them to the railway station, going by the cable tramway : a splendid institution, admirably worked, doing well, and giving the greatest satisfaction.

The city has greatly improved since I was here last, a lot of magnificent buildings having been erected, and many improvements made ; amongst others, the open sewers in the streets are now closed over, and the footpaths widened. My watch has kept absolutely perfect time all the way out, it has not lost a "tick."

Sunday,
February 28th.

Magnificent weather ; bright sunshine, with just a touch of cold in the wind, which renders it perfect, and makes life worth living.

Mr. Gordon came and took us to the Government House Gardens and to the Botanic Gardens, which have been wonderfully improved, and are most beautiful. The lawns are bright green, and the grass (buffalo) thick and springy.

Monday,
March 1st.

The same old tale ; glorious weather, with a fine cool breeze in the afternoon.

Mrs. T— went to call upon Mrs. Adamson's friends, and then joined me at W. B. J —'s house, where we stay the night.

Wednesday,
March 3rd.

W. B. J— left home early in the morning for his country residence, and I walked towards Melbourne for two miles, and then took a hansom cab for three miles ; fare, 6s. !

This is the land for my lord the working man. "Working" gardeners, 8s. a day ; called "working" by courtesy, but very little work do they do.

The Jones's apple crop is so great the fruit hardly pays for gathering. W. B. J— is doing a little painting outside his house, but the regular painters would not do it, because he was not using the kind of paint recognised by the "trade ;" said paint being made of Barytes, instead of white lead, and, in consequence, crumbling to powder and rubbing off in about a year. (I used to sell Barytes on commission, so know something about it !) The small amount of work these fellows in all trades do is scandalous. At present there is a great extension of building operations going on, in the suburbs as well as in the city, and, consequently, my lords, the working men, are exceptionally "cusséd." In other trades, such as the engineering, there are large numbers out of work, and I hear, from competent authorities, that before long there will be very large numbers out of work in most trades. The trades unions are enormously rich,

and use their funds for the purpose of keeping up wages relentlessly. They do this by paying heavy strike wages, and keeping numbers of men in idleness. They meet all in-coming ships, and try to persuade workmen not to come here, but if unsuccessful in that, they get them to join the union, and so perpetuate the mischief. The consequence is, buildings are all exceedingly dear, and rents high, and that makes everything dear; and until wages come down this will continue. It is thought that if large numbers of workmen were to come, it would be more than the unions could cope with, and would bring wages down, so causing numbers of houses to be built for moderate rents, for which there is a great demand, as hosts of people are compelled to live in cheap lodging-houses because of the high rents.

In the afternoon Mrs. T—— and I went to Mr. R ——'s to tea; they have a very nice little house, £65 rent, worth £24 at home. A nice family of three little girls, the youngest about seven. Home by train and cable tram, very comfortable travelling. Found a young man from Essex, who came out in the same ship that we came by. His father is a gentleman farmer, but things don't look promising, so the lad (about 18) is out trying for himself. He has been here three weeks, getting up every morning at four o'clock to get first copy of the papers, looking at advertisements, and then rushing off to likely ones, often walking twenty-five miles

a day in this hot weather. At last he got a place on a station up in Gippsland, 120 miles from here, to which he went. It was eleven miles from a railway station, a rough place, with only rough men about; sleeping place, a bark shed, with rats, mice, fleas, and mosquitoes in great abundance all about him. He had to milk twelve cows before five o'clock, groom down three horses before breakfast, and with plenty of work to do in the daytime. Wages, £1 per week, and hard fare. He stayed two days, and then told the "governor" he was going, and asked him to let a fellow drive him to the railway station. "Not a bit of it my boy; take up your swag (bundle) and walk it," says the "governor," which the lad did. Then back to Melbourne, saw an advertisement in the *Argus*, "Wanted a man, by a greengrocer and fruiterer." Went straight to it; just too late. But the man who was fortunate was not so likely-looking as this youth, so he was told to call again. Next day he was engaged at 15s. a week and board, to live in the house. Duties: up at five, groom down four horses, take one with the trap to the market, bring back load of fruit and vegetables; breakfast, take out orders, get more, chat with the customers, saying he wanted something better, asking the ladies if their husbands wanted a young man; then away again and hard at work till eight o'clock. He has been at it for two weeks and will stay for six months to get acquainted with the place, and get £20 of his own earning, when he hopes to get something better. He

deserves it, for he is a good fellow, quite a young gentleman; no smoke, no drink, and of good habits; he will do well.*

Three out of five young fellows coming here would loaf about, spend all their money, get into trouble, and, finally, work their way back to their disconsolate friends, to renew their anxieties once more.

Thursday,
March 4th.

Last night we went to see “The Mikado,” Mr. Gordon accompanying us.

It was very good and well put on. The songs were excellently well done.

“Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!”

A very hot day. It has been close and muggy for the last three days, and looks like a change to storm. This afternoon we go to Mount Macedon for five days; forty-three miles away.

Friday,
March 5th.

Yesterday afternoon we came on here.

At Mt. Macedon,
Victoria.

One and a half hours railway ride under a scorching sun. The perspiration stood

on the backs of my hands in pools, sufficient to lather them if I had had soap. A three-mile drive brought us to the “Waterfalls” Hotel, a very modest hostelry, built entirely of wood, and quite close to the gum-tree forests; the magpies, with their jolly song, and the jackasses, with their insane laughter, greatly enlivening the place. The land here is splendid; anything will grow. It is about 1,500 feet above sea level, and is getting much into request among the

* Since my return, I find this young man has already obtained a position of trust, as manager of a farm, and is in a fair way of doing well.

Melbourne swells for their country houses. The shrubs and trees and flowers are perfectly lovely. As we got up it was a little cooler, but not much. It is a very primitive place; and at night the doors are not locked.

Mr. Gordon came up to-day. Letters of the 22nd January only reached me to-day. I am seeing more of the colonies than I have done before; going into the country districts; and the more I see, the more impressed I am with the great advantages they possess, and the great field they must long continue to present to the English manufacturers, if they will only take the trouble to see what kinds of things are really required, and to study the "fads" of their customers.

Saturday,
March 6th.

On Thursday the thermometer stood at ninety-eight degrees in the shade in Melbourne, with a hot wind;—a regular scorcher. A tremendous thunderstorm to-day, with a deluge of water; but we managed to have some very good walks between the showers. The scenery here is very beautiful, with good roads in all directions, and abundance of trees and flowers. The soil is a bright red, like Devonshire, and seems many feet deep. Anything will grow. The fruit is so abundant that plums and apples lie rotting on the ground, and the gooseberries dried up on the bushes.

Sunday,
March 7th.

A beautiful morning; so we took a three-hours walk as far as the road was made, and into the bush. Ten years ago there was

not a house in the neighbourhood, nor any cultivation ; now, some of the gardens around the homesteads look as though they had been planted for thirty years, and houses are dotted every here-and-there. This is the nearest high ground to Melbourne, and has been chosen as the site of the Governor's country residence. It is rapidly opening up, and the value of land has already gone up tenfold in three years ; but four-acre lots are still to be had for about £100 per acre.

In the afternoon a lovely walk through the gum forests, and across a beautiful stream to a fern tree gulley, near which was a selector's cottage, with a beautiful garden. We entered, and the good woman said they had only planted it two years, and yet the vegetation looked like ten years' growth with us. The flowers were beautiful indeed, gladiolas in perfection, and a host of others. Down in the bush we came upon an old clearing, where once had been a house, but not a vestige was left. The flower beds, however, were plainly to be seen, while about one hundred yards off was a lonely grave, fenced round. No one knows who lies below, but it is probably some one who once lived in the house, now cleared away. Thirty years ago Melbourne was the nearest town, and there was no proper road.

Monday,
March 8th.

A squatter living near here (Mount Macedon) asked us to look over his place. His name is Ryan, and his daughter was married two or three years ago to Lord Scott, brother of the Duke of Buccleuch. He is a rum old boy.

Last night we had a very disturbed night. About twelve o'clock, Mrs. T—— woke me, saying "there was a rat or a mouse in the bed!" I got out and lighted the candle, but could see nothing. Presently, however, I discovered that our visitor was a bat, and there it was flying all around the room, occasionally diving down close to my face. I wrapped a towel round my face, and Mrs. T—— covered hers, then I opened the door and put the candle into the passage, thinking, perhaps, the little beggar would go out, and then I proceeded to flap at him with another towel. I must have looked very nice with the towel about my head and face, flicking away at the winged brute. Presently I could see no more of him, but thought it prudent to put a pillow case over my head, as a sort of night cap, as did Mrs. T——, and then tried to sleep, but all in vain, for the night-light disclosed the little brute flying away again as busy as ever. In the morning when I awoke, he lay close to my mouth, which accounted for the unpleasant smell I fancied I had smelt some time before. The last I saw of him he was scudding across the bed, squeaking like a rat.

Got down to Melbourne at a quarter past nine, having had a five-mile walk before seven o'clock, whereas we only intended walking three miles, but missing a turning in the road, we went on to a station three miles nearer Melbourne, the ladies meanwhile waiting at Macedon station, wondering what had happened to F. J. W—— and me. We wired them and they came on. During the ride to

Melbourne, we traverse several miles of country owned by the Australian baronet, Sir William Clarke, whose father bought the land of the Government about forty years ago for £30,000, its value now being supposed to be £2,000,000. It is divided into farms of from 200 to 500 acres, and each farm has a good homestead and farm buildings, being held of Sir W. Clarke on lease. When the old man, father of the present owner, was on his death-bed, some one remarked to him that as he had gathered such an immense property together with infinite pains and labour, his sons would probably disperse it with equal energy. "Well," said the old fellow, "if they have half as much pleasure in spending it as I have had in getting it together, I am quite willing for them to spend it!"

One day last week, as some men were unloading some bark in Collins Street (Melbourne), a great tiger snake fell out of a coil of bark. The men soon killed it before it could do any mischief. It is one of the most venomous kinds.

Tuesday,
March 9th.
At Melbourne.

On Saturday a large shark was caught close into the Quay, at Sydney. In his stomach were found human bones, and a leg of a pair of grey tweed trousers, which has been identified as having belonged to a seaman who was capsized in a boat belonging to the "Austral" a few days before. Seven other sharks were also caught on the same day; one has been opened and found to contain other human remains. Three men were lost by the capsizing of the "Austral's" boat.

Carl von Bierew, the German Yankee, who went out in the "Orient" with us on the last occasion with his wife, who, from her gay dressing and careful painting, we called the "painted peacock," was brought up at the Sydney police court yesterday, charged with fraudulent bankruptcy. He had escaped to England, but was tracked and brought back. The supposed frauds were in connection with a new kind of blasting powder, which he had invented, and for which he had built new works, and on the opening day nearly blew the governor and everybody else away by an explosion. Doubtless he would now agree with the condemned prisoner spoken of in Hans Breitmänn's new book, "Brand new Ballads," whose prison was blown down by an explosion of dynamite, and who, in response to the clergyman's query "What of life?" said he had found it to be a "blasted cell." Poor Carl! He gave a champagne luncheon on the "Orient" in honour of the anniversary of his wedding day. In his speech he mentioned incidentally that it was also his wife's twenty-fifth birthday, upon which that lady—the painted one—said, with an unusually nasal Yankee tone, "Now that's mean!"

To-day, the Rev. J. H. Toms, late of Aston, but now of Geelong, called upon us. He is greatly improved in health, having gained fifteen pounds in just twelve months.

The weather, which has been cold for a few days, is now glorious indeed; warm and bright, but with a nice cool breeze.

From a letter from Mrs. Hamilton to-day, I learn that my portrait appeared in the *Graphic*, January 23rd, she having seen a copy.

Wednesday,
March 10th.

I see in the *Argus* to-day that as two young women were going down for water to a creek near Brisbane yesterday, a huge alligator rushed at one of them and carried her off. Her father witnessed the occurrence from a distance, but was unable to help her.

The Bishop of Melbourne, Dr. Moorhouse, goes home to-morrow to become Bishop of Manchester. From all I can gather, I believe he will be a worthy successor to the late Bishop.

Thursday,
March 11th.

At five minutes to five Mrs. T—— and I left Spencer Street station for Sydney, Mr. Gordon and Mr. Retallack seeing us off. W. B. J—— came down too, but said he did not see the good of giving the railway company 3d. for a platform ticket, so shook hands outside the barrier. I like economy. We only had one other person in the carriage to Albury (which place we reached about midnight), and he was a Swedenborgian minister, Rev. J. J. Thornton, at one time a Congregational minister. He knows the Braggs well. Supper at Albury, with black-beetles running over the tables quite lively. Very fine new rooms; good tea and bread and butter. Then into the Pullman-car beds, which smelt of cockroaches.

Friday,
March 12th.

Up to breakfast at five minutes to eight, and reached Sydney punctually at

twelve o'clock, after a nineteen hours ride by no means unpleasant. Mr. and Mrs. W—— met us at the station, and we drove together to Pettys' Hotel, which is not much improved. Found the weather very close and sultry; *not* a pleasant change from Melbourne.

Saturday,
March 13th.

A tremendous downpour of rain all night and all day; streets full of mud, and everything miserable; and, although the noble unemployed are holding meetings demanding (and getting) work from the Government at 6s. per day and free railway passes to the work, not a fellow among them will sweep a crossing, and the streets are left to take care of themselves.

Sunday,
March 14th.

Raining "cats and dogs" nearly the whole day; no going out till afternoon, when there was a lucid interval for an hour, and then the rain resumed. At night it cleared off, and revealed a brilliantly-illuminated sky; the moon and stars doing their duty well! The Southern Cross is a fraud, Orion being infinitely more brilliant and interesting. Some of the young Australians point at it and say:—"There, have you anything like *that* constellation in England?"

Took a turn in the Botanical Gardens with the Wallers, who spent the day with us, and also through the Art Gallery; a very orderly crowd of people there. In Melbourne the Gallery and Reading Rooms are both closed on Sundays, but it is expected they will

soon follow suit and open; but there are many of the "unco guid" in that city who may delay the opening for awhile; they don't even permit the terrible dust storms in the streets to be laid by watering. It is true these "guid" people do not reside in the city, and only appear in it on week days, when the watering is in full operation.

Monday,
March 15th.

In a paper to-day is a report from a country district, where it says: "ninety per cent. of the people are suffering from toothache." It then goes on to say that "for some seasons past wheat has only yielded nine bushels to the acre." The Sydney paper remarks thereupon: "Then why trouble about teeth? There may not be much need for them!"

Next door to J. R—— lives a mean old scamp, a well-known contractor, who would cheat his grandmother or his youngest child. The other day he was dining at a restaurant in Sydney, and had about half a chicken set before him (they are very liberal in their helpings here); he worked away at it, and when he was quite satisfied, there was still a good portion left, so he quietly wrapped it in his table napkin, and, putting it in his hat, was walking off, but his movements had been watched by a waiter, who called after him: "Look here, old man, we don't mind the chicken, but let's have the napkin back!" and so he had to make tracks backwards to his mortification. The "noble army" of unemployed working men are a great nuisance here.

They assemble in large numbers, and march off to the office of the Premier, and demand an interview, which has to be granted. Then, after saying they want work, that they can't keep body and soul together, etc., etc., the Minister offers them work to clear the ground of tree stumps, a few miles out of Sydney, at 5s. a day, with free railway passes. This, however, is not good enough for them; they absolutely decline to work for less than the market price of labour of the same class, say 8s. per day. Then, when the train is ready in the morning, only about thirty-five per cent. of them turn up, the rest are lying on the grass in the public parks, and smoking short pipes. There is trouble in store for these Colonies, I am sure; the Government truckle too much to these scoundrels.

Last night (Sunday) the bells of the church alongside were chiming some hymns very nicely, one was: "Holy, holy, holy," etc. They would do a couple of lines of that and then a couple of lines of: "Gay go up and gay go down," etc., and a very peculiar effect it had.

A cutting from the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* of this date, says: "It is probable that the *Tangyian* railway will at once be extended to Mandalay."* I hope my brother has not been making the Government a present of a railway during my absence, for

* The above is the latest news from Burmah. I recollect there is a city in Western China called TANG-Y. Can this railway be from Burmah to that place?

if he has we are certain not to get any of the orders for the machinery required; that is to say, if they act in the same way as the Birmingham Corporation has done since we caused the provision of an Art Gallery and School of Art for the town.

Tuesday,
March 16th.

To-day I went to see the Free Library, where our Shakespeare First Folio is placed. At present the building is undergoing great alterations, but it is a very miserable place for such a city as Sydney; far inferior to the noble library at Melbourne. I saw the librarian, Mr. R. C. Walker, who was very pleased to meet me, and gave the whole morning in showing me over the building. He is delighted to have possession of the Shakespeare, and has had a copy of the Staunton photo-lithographed copy of the First Folio placed outside the case for students to examine, as he very rightly keeps the original close and untouched, except upon very rare occasions, when he has permitted scholars to compare it with Staunton's fac-simile. They cannot help feeling somewhat disgusted with the wealthy classes here, who seem only to think of their wealth and how to increase it, and I fear it will be a long time before they will build a library equal to the offices used by exalted Government officials. While I was at the library, Mr. Barnett, the City Architect, came in, and we had a good chat. He visited our works about six months ago, and was much pleased with what he saw. I showed them the Wedgwood Medallion, made of clay from Sydney

Cove, with which they were delighted, and Mr. Barnett then showed me a copy of it in plaster, about eighteen inches in diameter, and made from an engraving in Phillips's *Voyages* (which I have at home). The copy is really very well done, although the artist is only a marble mason.

I gave each gentleman a copy of the pamphlet on the medallion, which I had printed before leaving home.

A very pleasant morning's work, which I shall not soon forget. A marked contrast with the reception I met with at the Museum in the afternoon. You will remember I brought out two exquisite Wedgwood Medallions, with the intention of presenting them to the Cook Museum. One of these was a portrait of Captain Cook, and the other a beautiful example of Wedgwood's best work, possessing special interest for Sydney, as it was made of clay brought from Sydney in 1789 by Sir Joseph Banks, when voyaging with Captain Cook. I called upon the Curator who is about six feet two inches high, and as dark as an aborigine. I sent in my card, and presently he came out, and leaning against a show case, asked if I wished to see him? Well I didn't particularly wish to see him, as his manner was very frigid, but asked if I could see him in his room? He graciously, or rather churlishly, assented, led me into a back room, and then placed himself at the far end of a table, motioning me to be seated at the other. I then put my little parcel on the table, and he evidently

thought I was a "new chum," hard up, and desirous of selling something. Presently I undeceived him, and showed him the beautiful portrait of Captain Cook in Wedgwood, saying I proposed giving it to the Museum for deposit in the case with the other things. "Yes," he said, "all right, you can leave it."

Then I showed him the exquisite little Medallion, which we also intended to have given to the Museum, but I said I would *lend* them that, as I felt I was throwing pearls in the wrong place.

"Oh, very well," he said, and began to pull them towards him, but that was not good enough for me. So I said I would send them up in a few days, and would send a letter with them.

I then left him, much disgusted, and am having a little silver plate engraved to put on each, that on the Medallion stating that it is the property of R. and G. T——.

Considering that I have thought so much of the Medallion, and its connection with Captain Cook, Sir Joseph Banks, and Sydney, I was, to say the least of it, disappointed, and almost wish I had bestowed it elsewhere, where it would be more appreciated. Even now I shall take time to consider what I shall do. The Museum is the proper place for the Medallion, as Captain Cook's compass, telescope, and other things are there in a show case, but I almost grudge giving it now.

Wednesday,
March 17th. Indoors almost all day, writing for
the "Austral" mail home. This ship is
now the prime favourite, and carries more than 600
passengers to England.

On Monday a telegram appeared in the papers,
stating that the "Oregon" had been sunk in the
Atlantic, but not a word of particulars, and although
three days have passed since then, there is not a
word more about it. I am beginning to hope it is
not true.

I got on to a tramcar to-day, and when the con-
ductor came round, I tendered the fare, 3d., but he
declined it, saying they did not take cash, only
tickets. I asked him if a three months' bill would
do. In the end, the man jumped off the car at an
office, and bought a ticket for me. Of course I was
unaware of the regulation, which does not seem a
wise one.

At Launceston last week, a fellow called a public
meeting to witness experiments with a new and
infallible "snake-bite cure." He had three of the
most venomous snakes, the tiger, whip, and another,
and proceeded to introduce a poor "harmless, etc.,"
cat to one of the snakes. The cat was bitten, and
died in three minutes; a second was introduced, with
like results, and then a third! The fellow ought to
be compelled to try it upon himself.

The tramways here are a most horrid nuisance,
being worked by locomotives. The road is ruined
for other traffic, and the value of property greatly
decreased; the lines themselves pay no dividend.

Thursday,
March 18th.

We have to-day come up the Blue Mountains to Katoomba, 3,400 feet above sea level, passing through Parramatta and many orange groves. A very beautiful day, but very hot. A very pretty place, but the roads are vile.

Friday,
March 19th.

Out before seven a.m. for a walk. The air fresh and the sun bright, with quite a dew on the leaves, not on the grass for there is none. The absence of rain is getting most serious all over the country, for rain in the autumn gives the only chance for the grass to grow before winter sets in. Already the sheep are dying off for want of water, and the look-out is getting bad for every trade in the country. It is now three or four years since they have had good rains.

Opposite the Hotel they are building a new stone house, and this morning we saw a team of six oxen pulling stones up the gully. I suggested that they should be called "pullocks" instead of "bullocks." The driver was calling each by his name,—“Noble,” “Billy,” “Tiger,” “Bloomer,” “Spot,” and “Star,” and they answered to their names, and pulled well; they do much better than horses for such work.

This morning Mr. W—— suggested we should go to Govett's Leap to-morrow (seven miles by rail and four by road). I agreed, “if it is fine weather” I was going to say, but suddenly remembered I was not in England. Here it is very much too fine, for the profit of the people. A “new chum,” as all new comers are called, are known at once by such a remark about the weather.

If it is true that in a multitude of councillors (?) there is wisdom, the absence of that useful quality in one of the Colonial Town Councils may be accounted for by the fact that there are no councillors in it! They are all styled aldermen! Last week one of these gentlemen being irritated at the interruptions of a brother alderman, threw a glass of water in his face, and I see by this morning's paper he yesterday apologised for it.

Funeral Poetry!

A strange custom prevails here, of inserting, year after year, on the anniversary of the death of a friend or relative, some notice showing that they are not forgotten, and curious reading some of them are. For example, in to-day's paper appear the following:—

“BAKER. In loving memory of Sarah Baker, who died,” etc., etc.

“ My mother's gone, I saw her go,
I stood and heard her speak,
And when I heard her dying words,
I thought my heart would break.

“ But is she dead? Ah, no! she lives!
Her happy spirit's flown
To heaven above, to joy and love,
Where sorrow is unknown.”

“Inserted by J. and A. B.”

“PARSONS. In sad and loving memory of my dear father, William Parsons, who died,” etc., etc.

“ It's just twelve months ago to-day
Since my dear father passed away.”

The poetry is not of a high order, but is equal to the average inscriptions one sees on tombstones in English churchyards. There are some in St. Philip's churchyard, Birmingham, for example, which are many degrees below the Australian standard.

The waiter at this hotel (at Katoomba) is, he says, a "Swiss-French." Life is very serious with him, and he is always in a state of "rush." Yesterday he asked us to have our tea a few minutes before seven, for, said he, "I have two dinners at seven." I remarked that many poor fellows in England hadn't *one*, but he didn't seem to understand me. We dine at half-past one, and have had good reason to be dissatisfied with the provision made for us, and told him so, so he promised we should have something better. The Colonials, he tells us, are satisfied with what is put before them, and whatever that is, they take it as being correct, for, he says, "they know no better." He tells us that when Colonials go to England they have to shut their mouths and open their eyes! and yet I am sure I have seen many sleek and well-fed Colonial gentlemen in England. My mind reverts in particular to one who, on visiting Shakespeare's birthplace, looked at the relics in the rooms in a very cursory manner, and remarked as he left, that "he did not believe in *dead* men."

Saturday,
March 20th.

This morning we went by luggage train to Mount Victoria, ten or twelve miles off. Taking a buggy at the Imperial Hotel, we

had a splendid drive down the Victoria Pass to Hartley Vale, on the way passing the little cottage which is illustrated in my book (p. 84), the one with a whole family standing in front of the house, with a baby in a perambulator. Splendid views through the openings in the cliffs, showing immense valleys opening out in all directions, with great promontories jutting out into them, but not a drop of water to be seen anywhere.

Before the railway was made, this was a very busy road, with thriving villages and hotels here and there, it being the coach road between Sydney and Bathurst, but now all is desolation, with only an occasional cottage. Our driver was a merry young fellow. Mrs. T—— asked him if he liked summer or winter best? He replied that he “liked winter best for health, but summer for the pocket.”

After making our arrangements at the hotel for coming up on Monday evening to start off for the Fish River Caves, we returned to Katoomba. There is a verandah outside our bedrooms, on which visitors sit about at night, especially just now, as the evening air is most delightful and the moonlight brilliant. Last night, as Mr. Waller was in his bedroom, he heard a fair young creature murmur to her companion: “Edwin, dear, come and see how peaceful it is!” No doubt her name is Angelina.

In the Sydney paper yesterday, there was the following advertisement:—

“*Clyde.* If James Hunt does not return to his wife, Mary, she intends marrying again soon.”

Colonial chambermaids are somewhat peculiar and very independent; it is very difficult to get little attentions, such as hot water in your bedrooms at night. Last night, after frequent ringings, which were all disregarded, Mr. W—— went downstairs to ask for water, and soon after one of these very independent young ladies appeared at our door with a water-pot full of hot water. She brought it in and placed it in the middle of the floor, saying: "Take what you want, and I'll take away the rest." I objected that there was nothing to put it in, as they never provide foot pans, etc., so she left, saying sharply: "Very well, I'll leave it!" Doubtless she wished to save herself the trouble of bringing more up for some one else.

While walking the other day we saw a beautiful little "butcher bird," and, presently, a great magpie came on the scene. As soon as he saw the butcher bird he "went for it" like a shot; but we could only hope he missed him, for we could not see the end of the chase.

Angelina, who summoned her Edwin last night to note how peaceful everything was in the moonlight, is not in quite such a sentimental mood to-night. There are some very nice little children staying here with their parents, and, as is very natural, they make a little noise on the veranda, and this the peaceful sentimental girl (she is fifty if she is one) cannot endure. She has been exclaiming loudly against children in general, and these in particular.

Tuesday,
March 23rd.

Last evening we moved up from Katoomba to Mount Victoria, and this morning we started at half-past eight for the celebrated Fish River Caves, thirty-two miles distant. Access to the cave district is now much easier than when we were here last, and we are driving all the way through the bush. Gum trees by millions all the way, and, with the exception of the village of Hartley, there are not a dozen houses on the road, and two of these are national school-houses. The first ten miles is over a good road, but the remainder is decidedly rough and hilly. I am writing this as we are halting in the bush to rest the horses and eat some bread and cheese. We are passing through the kangaroo country, and we were lucky enough to see one scamper into the woods, and Mr. W—— saw a dead one close by the track.

While I am writing we hear a sound exactly like the puffing of a locomotive, but there is no railway near, and, on looking up, we see it is a very large bird flying on and making a noise with its wings, such as a swan would make. The magpies are very lively with their nightingale notes, and twice this morning we heard the laughing jackass. Several splendid ring parrots are flying about.

Sir J—— F—— and his wife were up here last week, and our coachman had the driving of them about. He took them to Govett's Leap, and sincerely hoped he would not have to drive them again, as the old gentleman was so desperately timid

that he insisted upon walking all the way, although the road is comparatively good. Sir John spoke of coming on here, but the coachman exaggerated the difficulties; although I am sure if he thought they were half so great as they actually are, he would decline to come, and he did not.

After lunching, we proceeded on our way, and soon left the Oberon road for the bush road, over which the last twelve miles of our journey lay. I had been over rough roads before, but never over one like this. There has been no attempt to make a road, and we go over lumps and ridges and down steep gullies at full speed, so as to give the necessary impetus for getting up again. This we do, but with such a crash that the wonder is the carriage is not smashed, the horses killed, and the necks of those riding broken. Then on again between trees, over huge stumps and limbs, bumping the wheels against standing trees, and generally giving the liver such a shaking up as should render the use of liver pills for ever unnecessary. It is curious how accustomed one gets to this sort of riding; going down the hill from the Barrows to Porth in Cornwall at full speed, is nothing to it, but when you are told you are at the end of the ride, you are not sorry! After seven and a half hours' driving, half the time over ground like this, we arrive at the crest of a hill, and are told the vehicle can go no farther, that the remainder must be done on foot. On leaving Mount Victoria, the landlord distinctly told us we should drive it in five hours, and find a good road all the

way, by which we, of course, supposed he meant that the carriage took us to the little hotel at the mouth of the Caves. Instead of that, we had to descend 1,600 feet into the valley, by a winding road of two and a half miles in length. Happily it was dry, although very hot; in the morning when we set out, it was quite wet, and if it had continued so, we should have been in a pitiable plight. We reached the Cave-house in little more than an hour; the ladies being greatly fatigued, very hot, and full of misgivings as to how they were to get up such a hill on our return the day after to-morrow. Mr. W—— went on before, and secured two bedrooms, the only ones left. The Hotel, or accommodation house as they call it, is a most primitive building, and everything said in one room can be heard in the next, unless you are old-fashioned enough to remember that, and speak in whispers.

Jeremiah Wilson, the discoverer of some of the caverns and explorer of them all, keeps the house, and the charges are all fixed by the Government, whose property the Caves are. A "first-class" bedroom, 2s. (I don't know what a second-class would be, for the first is rough enough), and each meal, 2s. You can only have three meals in a day, and nothing between, except lemonade, etc. No intoxicants are allowed to be sold here—a very wise arrangement. Tea was very welcome, and soon afterwards we retired to rest, and found the beds very comfortable. Every room is occupied, and a party of five are sleeping under a tent at the mouth of the Cave.

Wednesday,
March 24th.

We put our boots out to be cleaned, but on looking out this morning found that every one had to clean his own, unless a friend did it for him! Mr. W—— took ours, and polished them splendidly. At a quarter to ten, we started for the caverns, Mr. Wilson as guide, but, first, we had to climb up a steep bank in the hot sun, and down on the other side to the entrance of the Lucas Cave, which took us three hours to explore. One of the party was a photographer, and had his apparatus with him. As soon as I saw him last night, I felt sure he was a "Friend," and so it proved. This morning he introduced himself, and told me he, with his son, daughters, and two other ladies, had walked all the way from Katoomba through the bush, nearly forty miles, camping out one night. They had a pack-horse, which carried a tent and the photographic apparatus, food, etc., and the ladies seemed as though they had had enough of it.

It is impossible to give a description of the Caves, for they are beautiful beyond words. They were discovered in 1841 by troopers, who were in pursuit of a bushranger, whom they captured a short distance from here. At the entrance is a fine natural vestibule of 100 feet high, with a natural opening in the roof, around which shrubs are growing. The sun was shining, and the light on the ground was as regular in its division as though it had come through stone window frames. An iron gate guards the Caverns, and the guide is provided with magnesium wire, while every visitor carries a candle in a holder specially designed

for the prevention of grease falling. Soon we get into very narrow quarters, and have to crawl through long holes, then down steep steps and across rocks, till we come to some specially interesting cave, when the guide shouts, "Out candles!" and lights his magnesium wire lamp, but it does not go well, and only shows the caves fitfully, but these glimpses are sufficient thoroughly to enchant us. The rocks are all of limestone, and the stalactites are wonderfully beautiful, while here and there large sheets of it are spread out like shawls or curtains, and are quite transparent. In some places the stalactites are of various colours, caused by washings of some deposit of copper or of iron. The path is well-made, and has wire guide-ropes in the most dangerous parts, while over one tremendous chasm an iron bridge has been built.

At last we come round to near the entrance again, but before we reach it have to ascend two wire-rope ladders, of rather dangerous appearance, nearly 100 feet in length, and I wonder very much how the ladies managed to do it. However, we all got up safely, none the worse for our excursion, but Mrs. T—— was very tired.

In the afternoon, all but ten of the party went into the "Imperial" Cave. Mrs. T—— and I remained behind, as they are going into it again to-morrow, when we intend going.

These good Colonial folks are very free in their manners. Last evening one of the ladies came in to tea rather late, a young lady on the next seat made

some observation to her, for which she was promptly rewarded with a sounding smack! All taken as a matter of course!

I pity a small boy in this house. He reminds me of two other small boys in Cornwall more than forty years ago, for, like them, he has to fetch all the water for the household from a considerable distance, only the Cornish boys had a "St. Day Coach" and barrel, whereas this small boy has to carry his pails over rocks, through a cave, and along the dry bed of a river.

Mr. Wilson says it has not been so dry here since the caves were first discovered—more than forty years ago.

Thursday,
March 25th.

Our bedroom is on the same level as the verandah, and opens on to it, and, as the weather is warm, we keep a window *up* at night; it can't be put *down*, as the top sash is a fixture, and the bottom has to be kept up with a prop stick, if there is one, which is not often, and in its absence you have to use your hair brush. Seats are under the verandah, and last night a number of people were sitting there after we were in bed. Amongst them was Jerry Wilson, chief boss of the caves, and he is stone deaf. A gentleman sitting next him was telling him about us, that I was Mr. Tangye, of Birmingham, Sydney, and Melbourne, and elsewhere; and, in speaking of us, he described Mr. W—— and me as being two "elderly" gentlemen, and the ladies as "elderly" ladies.

W—— is quite flattered (he is under forty). Old Jerry, with colonial freedom, told W—— that he (W——) had “got the mildew on him.” Mr. W—— didn't understand him, upon which the old boy pulled his hair, signifying that the bloom, or mildew, lay there. Mr. W—— had never spoken to Jerry before.

This morning we explored one side of the Imperial Cave, which is filled with the most exquisitely-beautiful stalactites, which assume a wonderful variety of shapes—fleeces, shawls, lace curtains, embroidered edges, statuettes, an umbrella, a beautiful figure about six feet high, called Lot's wife (a pure white stalactite), and, further on, Mr. Lot himself, looking quite as salt. In one little cave, going out of the large one, and with a very low roof, there is a perfect representation of a walled city, with double walls, having towers here and there; and, inside the walls, fields and trees, a cathedral, houses, and towers, in large numbers, and all in pure white, as though of alabaster. Such scenes as these abound in the caves, and they are worth coming the whole distance from England to see.

In the afternoon we went through the other half of the cave, our party being reduced to five, and much more interesting accordingly. We went into the cave during a terrific thunderstorm, but could hear nothing of it inside.

Rain is very scarce here, and the poor fowls seem very miserable. Just now, when the rain was pouring down in great drops, a fowl was jumping to catch

them in her bill as they came down. Clever hen that! for once on the thirsty ground, there would be “never a drop to drink” for her.

One of the Sydney ladies described one of the most beautiful parts of the Imperial cave this morning as being like a draper’s shop! and she seemed so pleased with the idea that she kept on repeating it—“just like a draper’s shop!” A very rich imagination truly. Like Lord Byron’s cockney at Chamounix, who said the views there were “truly rural!”

Friday,
March 26th.

We left Jenolan, the cave village, at a quarter-past one, and walked up the long hill, 1,600 feet, when the carriage overtook us, and we had a beautiful drive of eighteen miles to Oberon, staying at the Royal Hotel, and on looking at the visitors’ book, we find this entry:—

“January 16th, 1885. We have made a most excellent meal, and shall come again if we have a chance.—L. T——.”

That boy was always fond of a knife and fork!

At the top of the hill, above the caves, we came upon the hut of the old man who sells platypus skins, opossums, etc. The door was ajar, so we entered, and did not envy the old fellow his habitation, for the wind has full play through the planks, his bed consisting of a plank covered with bark, with a log for a pillow. I said to Mr. Waller: “Do you want platypus?”* but he didn’t.

* The old dealer in skins asks every visitor, in a half-whisper, “Do you want platypus?”

At the hotel here in Oberon we find another young married couple en route for the Caves, so there will be two such couples there over Sunday, and they will have the place all to themselves. Bless them !

Saturday,
March 27th.

At Blockey's Hotel, in New Norfolk, Mr. W—— and I went for a walk, and returned at ten o'clock, to find the house locked up. The ladies, who were inside, could not unlock the door, so opened a window, and we entered that way. At the hotel here (Oberon), on trying to get out in the morning, I found our bedroom door fastened on the outside, and was preparing to get out of the window (all one-storied houses here) when the servant came and released me.

At Katoomba (as elsewhere and everywhere) there was no slop-pail in the bedroom, and the servants will not answer bells, so there is no resource but to empty basins out of window.

This morning, on getting out of bed, my foot lighted on something cold, which, on investigation, proved to be a long, black "dew" snail, of the slimiest description, and Mrs. T——'s clothes had quite a trail over them.

Mr. W——'s experiences in Queensland, in the bedroom line, were also somewhat peculiar. On going to bed at one place he observed a notice outside the door requesting visitors to hang their boots on the nails provided, and on enquiry found it was because of rats, many of which he heard during the

night. Outside the towns I have not seen a single bedroom window which would open at the top, and not one the sash of which was hung on pulleys; if you lift the sash, you must prop it open with a stick or brush. Not a blind is on rollers, but has to be pinned up.

This morning we have had a lovely ride of eighteen miles through the gum forest. The air was fresh and cool, and there having been a heavy dew last night, the aroma from the gum trees (eucalyptus) was strong and most fragrant. We saw lots of parrots and magpies, and some hares. On the road we saw a boy and girl on horses, the latter carrying quite a heavy portmanteau. This she had carried for ten or twelve miles, the horse going at a good speed all the while. Coming down the hill, the boy's horse suddenly stopped, and off he came, but was not hurt. He was not more than ten or eleven, and would have to return alone, taking back both horses. This is the way they make men and women in this country—a fine training, with nothing namby-pamby about it.

A fine ride over the Blue Mountains, past the Lithgow Collieries and Iron Works and the Hartley Vale Collieries; all showing decided progress since our last visit—three years ago. Some really nice prosperous-looking houses (stone and wood) all along the route, with beautiful gardens and orchards. What strikes a stranger very forcibly is the fact that while the country all round looks burnt up and

parched, and the gum trees so shabby in trunks and leaves, the garden trees and shrubs are of the most delightfully “verdant green.” All along the route it was pitiful to see every watercourse dry; in one or two cases the sand in the bed of the river was just wet. When we left Sydney, a week ago, the whole country for ten miles round the city was burnt up and dry; but on Wednesday they had a tremendous downpour of rain; and on passing through to-day, it was pleasant to see all the pools full, and the grass quite green; so quickly do things recover.

On coming out of Sydney station this evening, a Yankee-looking fellow asked me: “Where’s that train from, eh, boss?” and, on reaching Pettys’ hotel to-night, I asked the porter who showed us to my room to light the gas in the bath-room. His reply was, “Have ye no matches?” I said I had. “Then I guess ye can light it yersel’!” which I did; but took care to leave it full on, so that he should have it to put out; and he would have to go up and down three pairs of steep stairs to do it, all of which he would have saved if he had been only barely civil.

Monday,
March 29th.
At Sydney.

At hotel. The second waiter is about as polite as the porter on Saturday night. This morning, in the general breakfast room, it was not certain where we were to sit, so he called to the head waiter, “Where are these people to sit?”—said “people” being my wife and I.

At five p.m., left by rail for Melbourne — 576 miles. A desperately hot day in Sydney. I took two cold baths to lower my temperature a little. A Pullman sleeping-car goes as far as Albury (the frontier town), arriving at six o'clock, where we breakfast, reaching Melbourne at twenty minutes to twelve in the morning. Here we get into the land of protection; when in Australia once before, on leaving Sydney, an old lady gave me a plum pudding for use on shipboard, on arriving at Albury, the Victorian customs officers demanded twopence duty on it.

Tuesday,
March 30th.
At Melbourne.

The weather much cooler here, requiring winter clothing. A very great change from Sydney.

Wednesday,
March 31st.

Received English letters of February 19th, which were very welcome. The ladies visited the Houses of Parliament, Picture Gallery, etc., during the morning. At the latter place they saw the little picture of Watergate Bay, showing the Barrow Cliffs. The weather is delightful—cool and pleasant, with a continual sunshine.

Thursday,
April 1st.

This morning old Mr. S—— called to see me. He is over 80, and looks like Mr. Gladstone. He is as deaf as a post, and yet I had half-an-hour's chat with him, being heard all over the warehouse, although inside double doors. In the afternoon Mrs. S—— called to see Mrs. T—— and said her husband had come home declaring he had had the most interesting conversation he had

had for years! After he had gone, Mr. R—— asked me if I had lost my voice—he had found it all over the place!

In the evening Mr. G—— came to tea, and we walked out to see a celebrated and wonderful book shop (Cole’s), where there are over 1,000,000 books on all subjects (but not one of mine!). There is no shop front, and anyone may walk in and read as much as he likes, chairs being provided. The books are in all classes of literature, ancient and modern; also second-hand, and he does a roaring trade. Cole is a character: he writes prophecies and quaint remarks upon passing events, and sticks them up in his shop window, after the fashion of the old second-hand bookseller who used to have a shop on Old Snow Hill, London, and who, when “Hymns, Ancient and Modern” first came out, exhibited two sketches, one on each side of his doorway, one of which represented a Catholic priest, with the inscription underneath, “Him’s Ancient,” and the other an Anglican priest, with the intimation that “Him’s Modern!” the said Anglican being a close copy of the Roman.

In the evening, to the Free Public Library, a magnificent building, containing over 100,000 volumes. The place is lighted by electricity, and the readers are numerous, most studious, and perfectly silent. The chief director here to-night is a German, and could not tell me if they had a First Folio Shakespeare! He *thought* they had, and pointed to an entry in the catalogue in triumph, but it was a reprint of the present century!

Saturday,
April 3rd. Very hot winds. Took a tram ride of five miles to Richmond, 3d. each. Sitting in front of the car, with no engine or horses before us, was most enjoyable. The cable system is certainly the most comfortable by far. Afterwards by rail to St. Kilda, but the hot winds made locomotion uncomfortable. In the evening Mrs. T—— went with Mr. Gordon to hear the organ recital in the Town Hall, but I was very glad to stay at home and rest.

Monday,
April 5th. Clearing up, so as to say good-bye to Melbourne, as we leave for Sydney by rail this evening.

Tuesday,
April 6th.
En route
Melbourne to
Sydney. Train full of racing men. Some of them have been drinking heavily, and the condition of my next neighbour in the train necessitates his frequent appearance with his red head out of the window, returning from which his face exhibits a look compounded of a sense of being a martyr, of being very ill, and of its not being his own fault, and, consequently, that our lack of sympathy with him hurts his feelings, and shows our want of feeling. At every stopping station one of his friends comes to see how he is getting on. Fortunately, on reaching Albury, where we take the Pullman sleeping-car, I find the disagreeable fellow has not had the forethought to engage a berth, so will have to sit in the smoke-room all night, and we shall not be troubled with him. On the last occasion of going through, a drunken fellow sat next me in the train, and had taken the sleeping berth above

mine. Seeing he was in such a disgusting state, I gave the conductor 2s. 6d. and asked him to keep him in the smoke-room all night, which he did, and so no one slept in the upper bunk. This I call "bottling a drunkard."

We reach Albury just before midnight. It is the first town in New South Wales across the Murray River from Victoria, and as the Colonies have imitated the mistakes of the mother country as well as her successes, the two Colonies have different gauges on their railways, necessitating change of carriage. Here we take the Pullman sleeping-cars, but before going to bed, we have a very decent supper in a really good refreshment room—tea, coffee, cutlets, steak, etc. There is also live meat on the snowy tablecloth, in the shape of large numbers of cockroaches of an inch long, and what a pace they do run at! While you are supping, a man, with paper and pencil, comes round and takes your name, which is duly published next day in the Melbourne and Sydney papers. Until my passage across, ten days ago, I supposed it was *necessary* to give the name, and I determined to do as royalty does sometimes, viz.: give another name, but as the man was nearing me, I heard a gentleman decline to give his name, so I did the same. It was very well I did, for last night the clerk came round, and, profiting by my last week's experience, I turned round to him and was about to decline, when he at once said, beginning to write, "Oh, you are Mr. Richard Tangye, of

Birmingham!” I was surprised, and asked him how he knew? He replied: “I saw your portrait in the *Graphic*, just before you were here last week, and when I got home I told my wife I had just seen the original!”

About two o'clock a.m. I was sleeping peacefully in my bunk, when I was rudely awakened by something striking my face. It was at Junee station, where a new arrival had come in and had gone to bed in the bunk above me. In drawing his curtains he had “flicked” the corner of one into my eye, causing me to weep “some!” These country cousins are sometimes rather rough in their ways, and unnecessarily noisy when others desire to go to sleep. My “weeping” eye kept me awake a good while, and soon after the train pulled up to allow of another passing in an opposite direction (it is a single line of rails), there was dead silence, or at least it would have been but for the tuneful notes of some sleepers, who were discoursing nasal music for nobody's amusement. I was the first up to wash, and by-and-by the conductor had taken the beds down and arranged the seats for those passengers who had got up.

At Melbourne, as we were taking our tickets, a young lady stood next me. Presently a young man came up, lifted his hat to her, and said in a low tone, “Allow me to congratulate you.” “A wedding,” said I; and so it was, for we saw her again in the train.

In the Sydney papers there has been a correspondence about the scarcity of carriages on the suburban lines, and the smokers have been elbowed out of their compartments. One of these gentlemen writes to the papers saying that it is a great shame, as, in consequence of their being turned out of their compartment, they are compelled to risk their lives by standing on the platform at the ends of the carriages! You see they must smoke, or they would *die!* Poor fellows!

Wednesday,
April 7th. Last night there was a heavy down-pour of rain lasting an hour. Very welcome, and cooling the air nicely. But this morning it is gloriously bright, and very warm and muggy.

Before breakfast I went for a little walk, and in one of the principal streets I passed a pretentious-looking restaurant, with a portico reaching right across the footpath. On the sides of the portico roof there were the usual announcements of dinners, etc., and then a prominent announcement, which struck me as being very curious and somewhat suggestive,

Private Beds !!

I wondered what a public bed would be. Perhaps a mattress covering the whole of a room, where lodgers can go in and lie down where they like.

Well, well !!

Then in all the back streets you come across mean-looking tenements, wooden houses of one storey,

dirty looking, and with loafers hanging about the doors, and sitting on the steps, with rowdy hats and black pipes, heavy moustaches and shaven faces—sinister-looking fellows—and along the roof in large letters: “ Board and residence,” as though it were a handsome villa at Bournemouth or Brighton.

Passing a large and rather good boarding-house the other night (Sunday) we looked in through the open windows (the weather was very hot and sultry) and saw about twenty men, all boarders, sitting around the room, reading, chatting, etc., and every mortal human man among them had his hat on! Curious ways these Colonials have!

This morning the papers contain the report of the speech made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer here last night, in which he declares his new policy: An income tax of fourpence in the pound, with exemptions up to £300 a year; a property tax of one penny in the pound, and five per cent. *ad valorem* duty on nearly everything, including our goods, but allowing agricultural machinery in free.

This morning I have received a beautiful photograph of the Wedgwood Medallion of Clay from Sydney Cove. The Medallion is vastly admired by some of the best people here, and will go to the Art Gallery, with the portrait of Captain Cook by Wedgwood.

Ten years ago to-day, since I left this port in the “ Zealandia ” for San Francisco.

Thursday,
April 8th.

Called on Mr. Fairfax, the proprietor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and showed him the Wedgwood Medallion, made from clay brought from Sydney Cove by Sir Joseph Banks in Captain Cook's ship. Mr. Fairfax is President of the Art Gallery Committee here, and received the Portrait and Medallion. The latter I am only lending, as I was disgusted with the reception I had from the Curator of the Museum when I offered them to him, so I think it probable that on my next visit I shall take it again.

All Colonial hotels are very third-rate in everything but their charges, which are "tip-top." At meal times you have to wait long between the courses, the food is very monotonous, greasy, and suspicious in its composition. It is a rare thing to have a slop basin on the tea table, so you have to fall into Colonial ways, and use some other dish. To-night we used a vegetable dish, presently the waiter came to remove some of the things and among them this dish, so I said, "No, don't take that, we want it as a slop basin!" He took the hint and fetched one.

Mr. W—— has been expecting an order for an engine and boiler from a Queensland man, who has been staying at a hotel here, but who has been drinking so heavily that to-night, when Mr. W—— called, he was hardly surprised to find he was dead, so I fear we shall lose the order! It was touching to see how friend W—— went to the hotel every day to make enquiries.

Friday,
April 9th.

Last night the debate on the New Hebrides question came on in the House here, and in the course of it Sir John Robertson, late Premier, declared that but for the opposition of the English Tories, all these islands in the Pacific would have been annexed long years ago, when neither Germans nor French had any idea of them, and would never have thought of objecting. He said that when he was in the Government, a minute was prepared and submitted to the Governor for forwarding to the English Government, which if carried out, would have annexed all these Pacific Islands, but Lord Carnarvon absolutely refused.

Heavy rain last night and to-day, general over the Colony.

Saturday,
April 10th.

Just fourteen weeks since we left; about half our time elapsed.

Sham fight at Botany to-day, we could hear the crack of the rifles very plainly.

Sunday,
April 11th.

Weather bright, with cool breeze. Rain left the streets inches deep in mud, but no attempt made to scrape them, so by to-morrow the dust——

I stopped here (10 p.m.) to drink some lemonade (and second-rate stuff it is) and, before I could resume writing, the rain began to come down fast, so there will be no dust till Tuesday!

Walked in the Botanical Gardens, the flowers in which are lovely; the hibiscus, with its flourishing green leaf and glorious red flower, towering ten to

fifteen feet high, while the coleas, with their splendid leaf-flowers, grow luxuriantly five or six feet high. In the afternoon we drove to the South Head by the new lighthouses, the electric light apparatus for which was made by Chances a few years ago. At the Heads we are just over the entrance to Port Jackson or Sydney Harbour. The entrance is only about half a mile wide. Several vessels were going in and out, while scores of little yachts, with their white sails, looked very beautiful in the sunlight.

In the evening to the Pitt Street Congregational Chapel, and heard a very excellent address from Dr. Jefferies, the leading minister here. The subject was "Getting and Spending," and was, in the main, very ably handled. It was addressed to young men, as previously announced, and there was a very large audience present, chiefly consisting of those intended to be addressed.

Monday,
April 12th.

Wet, but the rain is welcome, for the country wants it, and it cools the air. Further trouble in finding a home for the Wedgwood Medallion and Portrait of Captain Cook. While I was in Pitt Street on the Medallion business, gazing at an upper window in the Exchange Building, where I saw the name of a director or trustee of the Art Gallery, I was accosted by a well-known voice:—"Well, Mr. Tangye, I guess I'm glad to see you!" It was Carl Von Beethoven, the husband of the painted pea(hen)cock—the Yankees whom we met on the "Orient" in 1882. Carl, as I have before told you,

is in trouble over an alleged fraudulent bankruptcy business. He escaped to England, but was followed by a detective, who captured him just as he landed, and brought him back. On board ship, Carl gave it out that he was travelling with a friend, and that he was going to Sydney in connection with a great law case! But, unfortunately for the poor *Carle*, the Colombo papers contained the full account of his doings, and stated he was being brought out in order to his forced appearance in the dock, there to answer for certain alleged malpractices. He is now on bail, but tells me it is all a trumped-up story, that he has a complete answer to it, and so forth. I told him that I was a magistrate, and always suspended judgment until I had heard both sides of a question, and at present I had only heard what his accusers had to say.

“Thank you for that,” he said, “that’s more than most of them say.” Speaking of a companion of mine, Carl said: “Your friend J—— is a nice man, what’s his *front* name?”

Tuesday,
April 13th.

English letters of March 5th delivered
this morning.

Wednesday,
April 14th.

The fine weather has gone at last, and heavy rains are falling everywhere, and are the source of great comfort and joy to everyone, as the country was regularly burnt up, and cattle and sheep dying in great numbers. I have just seen in an inland paper, where the drought still continues, that unless the sheep can bring themselves

to eat glass bottles, they will soon have to learn to climb trees! I suppose in order to eat the leaves.

Thursday,
April 15th.

I am almost ashamed to send my notes to-day, as they are unusually poor, but I have been very busy attending at office from nine to five every day, and have not been in the way of seeing adventures. The head warehouseman at Bathurst Street is a Yorkshireman. He was at the hotel this morning cording up our boxes, so he took breakfast with us. He is a first-rate fellow, the exact antipodes of a Colonial noble working man, for he is not above putting his hand to anything, and is never particular to an hour if there is anything to be done. A hearty good fellow, saving money, too, upon 7s. 6d. per day. He came out with his wife and three children two years ago as an assisted emigrant, when he landed he had just 1s. 6d. left. He quickly found a room about eight feet square, where he took his wife and family, and where they all slept. In the middle of the night his wife woke him, saying, "Joe, there is a lot of movement in the room!" He recommended her to go to sleep, but as she could not, he struck a light, and found that the whole place was alive with cockroaches. Next day he went at four a.m. to where a new tram was being made, and was fortunate in getting put on at once, at 8s. a day, to work with pick and shovel, which he had never done before. Soon the blood was running down the pick handle, as his hands were soft, but still he kept on. After a few days, the foreman complimented him on the

way he stuck to it, and said he should have a job as long as he liked. "Thank'ee kindly," he said. After six weeks he heard of our job and took it, fortunately for him and for us. He says there is plenty of work for men who will do as he did, and wait their chance of something better turning up, but that the "noble army" of unemployed will only do easy work, and pick and *choose*, instead of pick and *shovel*. So they spend most of their time at street corners, with short pipes in their mouths, heavy moustaches, slouched rowdy hats, sleeping in the parks, and cursing those who are better off.

Friday,
April 16th.

Called at the Free Library upon Mr. R. C. Walker, chief librarian, who told me that the trustees had at their last meeting passed a resolution, by acclamation, to present us with a copy of a magnificent work, giving the various maps of Australasia from all ages to the present time, some of them very curious. It is a book of which only 100 copies were printed, and the cost of which is over £30.

With this they also present us with a copy of a most valuable work on "Orchids," with hand-painted illustrations, and which has been printed at the Government offices here. This is very gratifying.

Going along the street to-day, I passed two men of the usual rowdy look, and just heard this: "Well, I read the Bible, and believe in it." No. 2: "Do you!"

Saturday,
April 17th. Here, in the Colonies, if you ask anyone if they would like to have so-and-so, valuable or not very valuable, the universal reply is, "I don't mind;" and the universal form used in accosting you in the street, by old and young, or at the telephone, is "Hullo! hullo!"

To-day it is again very hot, and the ladies have taken the little steamer to Manly Beach, a favourite and fashionable resort for the people of Sydney. Return tickets, 1s. each.

A rather peculiar name is not very uncommon here—"Shying," to wit. Query: "What are they shying at?"

Sunday,
April 18th. A walk before breakfast up to the Domain, through the Botanical Gardens, along the low wall at the foot of gardens surrounding Farm Cove, past the Governor's House, up by the Tarpeian way (!) along the Circular Quay, passing the Orient liner, "Iberia," which brought our last letters in quicker time than ever letters were brought out before; also passing the "Sophocles," a splendid clipper ship, painted a most verdant green, and so up Church Hill to the hotel, an hour's quick work, the sun getting quite warm.

Mrs. H—— was staying last summer at the Heads, forty miles from Launceston, on the Tamar. The little lodging-house was very sparsely furnished, especially the bedroom, and there were no chairs, books, or shelves on which to set her clothes, but along the walls there were "good" mottoes, one of

which might well rebuke those inclined to grumble at the insufficiency of things here below. It was:—
 “My grace is sufficient for thee.” I wonder if it would have been sufficient payment for board and lodging?

Opposite the hotel is a little chapel, attended by Chinese, who try to sing hymns, and a most extraordinary melody it is—if melody it can be called. It certainly does not come up to our idea of what celestial music is—and yet it is the music of the celestials.

This afternoon we drove out to Coogee Bay, a beautiful little place between Botany and the Heads. On the way Mr. W—— pointed out a pretty little house, which was being built when he was on the look-out for one. He asked a man standing near if it was to be let? “Well, no,” said the man, “for it is to be the lock-up,” as it is this day.

A very wet afternoon.

A moonlight walk on the Observatory Hill, and then to bed.

Monday,
 April 19th.

In the paper this morning there is an account of a sheep thief who has been caught. This fellow has been carrying on for a long time, and had got quite a flock together, but at last his little game has been discovered and stopped.

It seems that he had trained two sheep dogs so highly that they understood his slightest gesture, and would return to his side at once on his blowing a small whistle. The plan was this:—

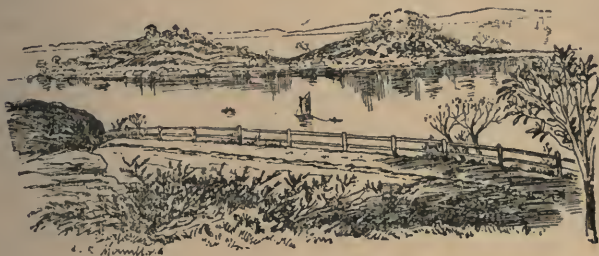
On approaching a sheep yard, the dogs would sneak in, "round up" a lot of sheep, and drive them along after the thief, who was on horseback. If he met anyone, he would look around and seem surprised that the dogs should be driving another man's sheep, and blow his whistle, when the dogs came up to him, and everything would look right. Unfortunately for him, however, some of the stolen animals were found in his possession, being identified by tattoo marks, and his career as a sheep farmer is cut short for five years while he is in retirement.

Tuesday,
April 20th.

Last evening we took tea at the Hon. G. A. L——'s, where we met Mr. W——, the Crown Solicitor, who told me a story of a butcher in this town, which strongly reminded me of the late Isaac H——, pork butcher, Birmingham. This Sydney butcher used to do a large trade in sausages, polonies, etc., and Saturday was his principal day; so, in order to convince the public that the materials used were honest, he used to compel all his men and boys to dine in his shop off sausages, polonies, and such like, every Saturday, just before the crush came, and the plan was attended with great success. But he did not eat anything himself!

The story about Isaac H—— was this:—Dining at a gentleman's house one evening, the host asked Mr. H—— if he would have a sausage. "No, thank'ee, I never eats 'em; I don't know what's in 'em." "Oh these are all right, Mr. H——, they are from your own shop." "Then I'm sure I won't eat 'em, for *I know what's in 'em!*"

Mr. W—— also told me that in the country districts some years ago, just as galvanised iron was first being used for roofing purposes, the wild ducks used to drop on to the roofs at night in the moonlight, thinking they were dropping into water, and often got killed.



SYDNEY HARBOUR.—GARDEN ISLAND.

Wednesday,
April 21st.

There is a great debate going on in Parliament here, on the question of payment of members, in the course of which it was mentioned that John Hampden was a paid member. An honourable member asked me if J. H. was the *working man's* representative? I told him that it was quite true that Hampden *was* paid, and that he was representative of the "people," but that his payment consisted in receiving a bullet from a Royalist musket for his advocacy of the cause of the people.

The debate was adjourned from last week till to-night, an hon. member telling the Speaker that it was absolutely needful for his speech to go before his constituents!

The past five years of drought have brought down the squatters tremendously, and they are all heavily in debt to the banks. £75,000 is a moderate sum for a squatter to owe, but such is the wonderful effect of a good rain season that two of them would set them all right again. Last week, up country, there was a grand banquet given by the squatters, and among the toasts was one: "The Banks," and the proposer said he was sure every squatter present would entirely and heartily agree with him in saying that, under the present depressing circumstances of the Colony, it was the bounden duty of all squatters to *stand by the banks*. "And we will," said they all; which was very kind, considering that probably the assembled company owed the banks a million of money! The sentiment—a very noble one—was received with loud and prolonged cheers.

Thursday,
April 22nd.

Saw Mrs. H—— safely on board the "Corinna" for Launceston. A glorious summer's morning. While on the steamer I was accosted by a lady, who turned out to be Miss J—— our shipmate on the "Parramatta." She was accompanied by her brother, "Jamie Lochtoddy, of the Parramatta Sun;" he seemed very ill, and was going to Tasmania to recruit.

Friday,
April 23rd.
GOOD FRIDAY.

At three o'clock yesterday we went on board the "Mariposa" steamer bound for Auckland. This steamer has now taken the place of the "Zealandia," in which I voyaged to

San Francisco ten years ago, and a very bad substitute it is. It furnishes a very excellent means of comparison between the much-vaunted Yankee superiority in everything mechanical over England. In the first place there is scarcely a seat on the deck, and not a single handrail attached to the deck-houses to assist passengers if the ship rolls or pitches, and she can do both to perfection. The saloon opens right from the deck, so that the full blasts of wind (or seas) pour right down the stairs into the open saloon. The lavatories, etc., are shamefully close and few, and are so placed as to be common to first and second-class passengers. The ventilation is abominable. The attendance is about as bad as it can be; only one stewardess, and she a big fat Irishwoman, and as uncivil as she can be, although there are forty ladies on board. The stewards are all darkies—well-meaning, but thoroughly incapable, and the waiting at table is execrable. The sailors are a “scratch lot” from San Francisco, and are as mean and scurvy a lot as ever worked a ship.

Now for the cabins. There is a set on deck; reaching within fifty feet of the bows, and a double row on both sides below. Ours is the very first nearest the bows; it is seven feet by six feet six inches by seven feet—miserably small—and with not so much as a pin-hole for ventilation. As we are on the weather side, we are compelled to take the choice of two things—either to be poisoned with foul air, or to get the sea and rain in; for being close to the

bows, and with a head wind, you can imagine we get some seas. In the cabin itself, with the exception of four small hooks, one and a half inches in projection, there is not a single place where you can put your things; no nettings over your bunks; no hat-pegs, or boxes, or drawers; so you have to put your things where you can; while, from the small size of the cabin, you can have but little luggage in it.

We hear a great deal about the cleverness of the Yankees in their little contrivances, and also of their superiority to the English maker in design and quality. All that I can say is, that this ship, a new one, built at Philadelphia, and fitted up throughout with Yankee fittings, is not equal to a third-class British ship. The knives are of composition metal, and can't be called cutlery, for they won't cut; although it is only fair to explain that the purser says they are so made because the Yankees always put their knives into their mouths in eating, which would be dangerous with a knife that *would* cut. The spoons are thick, as if made of lead, and there are no salt spoons; so every knife, after being in a Yankee tobacco-chewer's mouth, finds its way to the salt cellar, and, what is worse, to the butter dish; for, instead of having a general butter dish, with a butter knife belonging to it, each guest has a separate little dish, in which is placed a considerable helping of butter. The knife makes frequent visits to this dish, and, of course, all that is left at the end of a meal is made up into a fresh lump for future general use.

The fittings of the cabin doors are of a most rubbishy character—cast iron, and thrown together—wretched fits; and if the doors were not also badly fitted and tight, the “fastenings” would not hold them. The consequence is you can only open the door by giving it a vigorous kick. The washing arrangements are execrable; the basin is small, but deep, and has the old-fashioned and generally-discarded plug in the bottom, held by a chain, so that, in your endeavours to scoop up a little water with your hand, you frequently lift the plug by catching at the chain, and off goes the water. On trying to turn on more, you find the leaky tap from the reservoir above has emptied that article. The catch-basin below is never cleansed or deodorised, and the smell from it, therefore, is foul indeed; and if at night you put the plug in the basin to prevent the ascent of such odour, the aforesaid leaky tap causes the basin to overflow. The beds smell of a certain insect which is supposed to be common in twopenny lodging-houses.

The foregoing is literally correct, and is just our experience on the short voyage, and, consequently, we rejoice greatly that we are going no further than Auckland.

Saturday,
April 24th.

Weather wretched, and so are all the passengers.

Sunday,
April 25th.

To-morrow night will see us safe in Auckland (we hope), which is joyful to think of.

We have on board General Freemantle, Hon. James Service (late Premier of Victoria), Sir A. Musgrave (Governor of Queensland) and family, and other distinguished people.

The notice to passengers in our cabin states:—"Gents are requested not to wear their boots on the beds;" but what I want to know is, where are we to put our boots at night if we don't wear them, as all the floor space (three feet square) is wanted for our clothes. I am fast coming to the conclusion that, in travelling about this world, meekness is about the worst quality one can have. The meek may inherit the earth, and, perhaps, as time goes on, the sea also, but meekness on board ship simply means starvation. You are overlooked, or, if you meekly ask for anything, your request is disregarded, if not actually resented, and so I go in finally for self-assertion on board ocean steamers.

Monday,
April 26th.

Friday and Saturday were most unpleasant days, and almost everyone had to pay tribute to Neptune.

Yesterday was bright and fine, and folks are getting lively.

This morning we came under the shelter of the land, the islands being quite close, and we shall be in sight of land for the rest of the way—150 miles.

Weather bright and water smooth, but vessel rolling considerably.

The table on this ship does not tempt one; the smells are very bad, and the dishes more curious than

inviting. They remind one of the traveller who declined to try another dish, “ for,” said he, “ I have tried your bugs and your cockroaches, and don't like them, and I'll try no more.”

Quarter to seven p.m.

Landed at the pier, and were met by Mr. C——, who at once took us off to his hospitable house. Auckland is a lovely place.

On Thursday we go on to the Hot Lakes, on our way to Wellington and Lyttleton.

Tuesday,
April 27th.

At Auckland. Mr. C——, who was with me in America ten years ago, reminds me of a little sign-board we saw over an eating house in Philadelphia, and which ran thus:—

A good dinner	50 cents.
A square feed	75 „
A regular gorge	1 dollar.

Auckland is a busy thriving place, and the harbour is magnificent.

At the back of the city is Mount Eden, an extinct (?) volcano, the crater of which it is now proposed to cement and use as a reservoir. Inside the city boundaries it is said there are about a dozen other “ extinct ” volcanoes ; let us hope they will never “ resume.”

In the afternoon we drove around the neighbourhood, and along the rear of Mount Eden ; the fields were beautifully green, and the general appearance one of solid comfort. We also visited the new docks

which are being made on the North Shore, and which, when completed, will accommodate vessels of the largest size. The cobblers are on strike in the city, and refuse even to *mend* shoes, so that it will soon be needful for "every man to be his own cobbler."

Wednesday,
April 28th.

To-day I have devoted entirely to business. In the evening met a gentleman named P——, who travelled with Lincoln to San Francisco last year, and had a good word to say for him. Made all preparations for our excursion through the Hot Lake country, the Terraces, etc., and so on to Wellington.

I hear to-day that the "Tainui" will be at the latter place on the 15th or 16th of May.

Thursday,
April 29th.
—
At Oxford.

We reached this place, which is about 130 miles from Auckland, this evening; taking eight and a quarter hours on the journey by rail. For many miles the line runs by the side of a fine river named the "Waikato," which empties itself on the West Coast, and is for 100 miles navigable for vessels of 200 tons. In the train with us was an old gentleman, who told me, in reply to my enquiry, that he named the place "Oxford" because many years ago he forded the river there with a "mob" of oxen. The city at present contains a decent public-house, two stores, a smithy, a butcher, livery stables, and two huts. There are no university buildings.

Friday,
April 30th.

The bedrooms at the little public-house are clean and comfortable, but we had hooping cough on one side and a terrible snorer on the other. The latter was snoring when we went to bed (the partitions are only a quarter of an inch thick), and continued to snore until the bell for rising sounded at half-past six. As we were not going to breakfast before eight o'clock, I thought I should have an hour's quiet sleep, but that was impossible, as our neighbour had a bad cold, and began coughing and spitting at a great rate, which was even more disturbing than his snoring. At nine o'clock we started in a Yankee buggy for Ohinemutu, thirty-five miles distant across the mountains, rising to 1,800 feet above Oxford. On the way we passed several Maori settlements, the Whares, or native huts, looking very miserable; the children dressed in a little sacking, of course shoeless and hatless, but looking very merry and laughing at my "Tam o' Shanter," the men shouting "Good morning, how are you?" in their own language. These people exist upon the potatoes they get from a patch of ground of their own, some maize, a little mutton, and a "boiling" of bones. Their surroundings are so miserable one wonders how they *can* laugh. Every Maori has his horse and dog, and he rides about either walking or galloping, but never any speed between. While he rides, his wife trudges along the road, as we saw them to-day, one carrying a baby and a big bundle, while the man was carefully huddled up in a blanket to protect him from the

rain which was pouring down. A Maori may get drenched to the skin, but he never changes when he gets home, but just rolls himself in his blanket and goes to sleep.

If any English are on a tour, and come upon a Maori settlement at night, they are taken to the best hut, and a bed is made up for them consisting of fern leaves, etc. ; but they are never allowed to sleep in the hut alone : one of the men and two or three women and a child or two bring their blankets and prepare for the night. In vain you explain you would rather be alone. They insist upon paying you *proper respect*, and they can only do that by sleeping with you in the same tent, and you have to submit.

This morning as we came along, the larks were singing blithely. We also saw some large wild pigeons, but beyond the grunting of a Maori's pig, and the barking of his dog, there was no other sound to be heard during our thirty-five miles ride through the bush. The trees are all evergreen, and some of them of a great height ; but tens of thousands of acres are covered with scrub and a small shrub, with a beautiful white flower, called the ti-tree.

At the hotel our driver—a very decent, well-spoken man, who I took to be, like ourselves, a tourist—was sitting at breakfast with us, and it was not till he told me who he was that I thought he was other than a tourist. At the same table sat two very gentlemanly young men taking their breakfasts. A half-hour later we saw these men with their “swags,”

or bundles, on their backs marching along the unfinished railway, and learned that they were on their way to where the contractor was at work to see if they could get a job! They were evidently gentlemen.

The Maories (some of them) do a little work for wages. To-day I saw some mending the roads. It seems they will work for half a day very well, but idle the afternoon away in smoking. Then they go (on horseback) on a visit of a few days to a neighbouring tribe, and come back and work a day or two again, earning about nine shillings a week, where the white man earns thirty-six shillings. The Maories are great at paying visits. Every settlement is sure to have a lot of them, and you may be sure the visits are scrupulously returned.

The few pigs left by Captain Cook have increased in numbers enormously; many became wild, and are now regularly hunted. The Maories have a dog which goes off hunting pigs on his own account, and, much to my amusement, I heard to-day that he is always called a "pig dog;" so that my name for the "eminent Bruce" is not original after all!* I wonder if that pig of a dog has got out of his last November sulks yet.

This morning we passed a large pig without ears, they having been pulled off by one of these pig dogs.

* "Bruce" is my favourite house dog; he combines the obstinacy of a pig with the intelligence of man's canine friend.

We nearly had an accident to-day. Just as we got to the top of a hill in a narrow cutting, a Maori came along with a cart pulled by two horses, driving tandem. All at once the Maori seemed to think there was not room for both vehicles, so he jumped up the bank, three feet six inches high, being immediately followed by the leading horse, and then the shaft horse, with a desperate effort, managed to turn the cart around and scramble up the bank. Every moment we expected it would have tumbled over upon our horses, in which case we should have had a bad time of it, for there was a steep precipice on the other side.

On one of the routes, leading to this place, a great battle was fought some years ago between the natives and the English, and an old Maori told our companion that when he was a little boy he was present at that fight. The duty of the boys was to pick up the shells as they fell, pull the fuses out and empty the shells! It appears the Maories thought that the chivalrous British, fearing the noble Maories had not powder enough, adopted this mode of sending them supplies, to enable them to continue the fight upon equal terms. The old man said the boys did not like the job, as one of the shells exploded before they could remove the fuse, making two or three Maori boys the less.

The bush through which we are passing is very beautiful, fine trees and beautiful shrubs, many flowering and all evergreen, while the soil is of a rich red

colour. Two hours before we reach Ohinemutu, we commence the descent; before us is a splendid panorama—Lake Rotorua, with the romantic Island of Mokoia, in its midst, beautiful plains, and the mountains beyond. By-and-by we get down on the plain, and soon new sights and smells tell us we are at last in the region of the “brimstone” boiling lakes. Clouds of steam are rising on all hands, and the air is impregnated with the fumes of sulphur, which become decidedly unpleasant as we enter the township of Ohinemutu.

Saturday,
May 1st.

A very rough night, with the rain rattling on the galvanised iron roof. During the night there was a slight shock of earthquake, we are told, but we did not feel it; probably because we had so recently been accustomed to a good deal of movement on board ship. To-day, although the first of winter here, it is a bright May-morning, and after breakfast we wandered forth into what is a new world of wonders to us.

Our first visit was to a hot spring, where the water was bubbling up at a great rate in a hole about two feet square, the water being at 160 degrees. A little further on, we came upon a hot steam hole, where the natives cook their potatoes; they put them into a rice bag, and in twenty minutes they are cooked; indeed, the natives seldom require fuel. Then on to the old native Court-house, where a Land Court was being held. The hall would hold about 200 people, and at the top were two tables, one of

which was raised two feet, and at it sat the white judge and a native referee, also an assessor; at the other table sat a solicitor or two, and the clerk of the court, who read a long printed document, giving the lists of causes to be tried. On some side seats, near the judge, sat some of the chiefs and their wives and daughters, dressed in gaudy shawls. As one after another comes in, nods of recognition pass around, and neighbours gravely shake hands and rub noses before sitting down; women with tattoo marks, like hair, all around their mouths, and with children on their backs, while ancient men come and affectionately rub their noses against those of the babies or piccaninnies.

Presently the clerk calls on a case, and the persons interested all flock up to the front, but there is some hitch, and soon they all clear out, and another case is called on. While the clerk was reading the cause list, it was funny to note two or three little mites running about in the open space and playing; one of them had a piece of tin ware, which he used as an eye-glass to ogle the other with; the other, only four years of age, was dressed in knickerbockers with rather long legs. He soon got tired of his little breeches, and let them drop off, his little white shirt falling properly over his brown legs. Dogs keep running in and out, and lying at full length in front of the judge. Outside the Court-house—under its eaves, which project about ten feet—before business commenced, an excited crowd were talking fast and furiously, but immediately the judge entered, all

followed, taking off their hats, and when the room was full, it was as quiet as a Friends' meeting; the only one to misbehave was, of course, a white tourist, who stood in the doorway, smoking, the smoke blowing into the hall.

In the open space in front of the hall, children were playing at hopscotch, another lot were sitting on some stones heated by the waters below, and still another were sporting in a hot bath. Just beyond is the English Church and burying ground; the natives are also buried here. The chiefs' bodies are placed in coffins on trestles, in little wooden houses, and can be seen through a window. In former times, when a man died, his tools were broken, and placed over his grave—we saw several such—but in these degenerate latter days less pious youths and descendants take the spades, etc., away for further use, putting fresh handles; so the practice of laying the tools on the grave is discontinued. The graveyard is full of holes, where the boiling water bubbles up, and the corpses are not only kept warm but are well boiled. In the graveyard is the tomb of a young lady, who fell into a boiling pool and was scalded to death.

There are a number of native huts about here, each with its little garden; we went to one and looked in, and there was a man lying on his bed—he asked for a match.

Some of the houses have elaborate carvings, representing some great ancestor, and these carvings are the work of many generations. The first begins with the head, working with the green-stone tools. He

works very deliberately, for the Maori doesn't like to be in a hurry. The next generation, perhaps, undertakes an arm, and so on, till, perhaps, after 100 years, the effigy is completed. Other carvings are on the rafters, etc.

There are many curious titles to land amongst the Maories. For instance, if one man kills another in fair quarrel, the dead man's land belongs to him, but if he cooks the dead man and another eats a piece of him, the latter also has a claim to the land!

These Land Courts are much resorted to by the natives, who still own a very large piece of the country. Some of the lawsuits last ten years or more. Every individual member of every tribe has a separate and individual claim to the land, and no chief or council of the tribe can alienate or deal with such property without the consent of each member of the tribe. To-day a case was decided where a young Maori girl of eighteen, won a cause against her uncle, who had seized her land, worth £2,000. The judge made it over to her, and then came the question of trustees, and the uncle wished to be appointed, but the girl violently opposed it, and there was quite a scene in court, but she had to submit.

In the afternoon we attended an auction, where a host of clothes and other property, which had been injured by a fire, and subsequently eaten by rats, was offered for sale to the Maories. The fun and excitement were very great. Garments of every kind were knocked down for prices varying from 6d. to 5s., and

as soon as the Maories had got possession they forthwith must put the things on, over their clothes. One young fellow bought a pair of trousers for 1s. 6d., and put them on. The front was full of large holes, and the girls chaffed him unmercifully, so he came to us, and showed that the rear, at any rate, was entirely free from holes, of which he was proud.

In the evening there was a great dance in the hall—Maories, tourists, and “mean whites” or scalliwags. I need not say we did *not* go.

The weather is fearful, and it is quite a question whether we shall be able to see the world-famed Terraces after all. If not too wet to-morrow we are going to drive to Wairoa, the point from which to reach them.

Sunday,
May 2nd.

We were in a crowd of Maories yesterday; and sitting by was a boy of ten vigorously smoking a short pipe. As we looked at him in wonder, an old Maori said to him in Maori, “Get away, the white man (pakeha) is laughing at you:” and off he scampered.

The whole air here is full of the fumes of sulphur, both indoors and out, and the steam rises from the boiling water holes in clouds in all directions.

This morning the weather has changed, and it is fine and cold.

Our companion tells me that only eight years ago the superstition of the Maories was so great that they declined to take a party to the Terraces because one of them happened to take a lizard in his hand. It was a sign of bad luck.

We have just been looking at some more boiling holes; one of them bubbles strongly and regularly, just like a steam donkey pump, while another grunts like a pig. The youngsters here live half their time in the water, and are very happy in it. Hopscotch, with naked feet, is a favourite game.

To-day we heard the Maories singing in church, and they do it very fairly. The Sunday dresses are gorgeous to behold; all the brightest colours are in full force.

After lunch we started in a buggy for Wairoa—eleven miles off—the head-quarters for the Terraces, on the way calling at “Whakarewarewa,” where there are a number of geysers, boiling mud holes, sulphur baths, etc. In one or two the water spurts up high in the air, and is boiling hot. An old Maori woman fell into one, and I asked the guide what happened. “Oh, she was boiled!” and there was an end of it.

These New Zealand places have such long, crack-jaw names that it is impossible to speak or to spell them.

The way to Wairoa is over a range of hills, and through a very beautiful forest, or bush, of one and a half miles long; the trees, which are all evergreen, meeting overhead. At night this road is brilliant with the lights of countless myriads of glow-worms.*

The bush itself is very thick and difficult to penetrate, and is much more beautiful than the

* Alas! their light has been put out, and all this lovely bush, or forest, destroyed by the terrible eruption of Mount Tarawera.

Australian, the trees being very fine, and in great variety. While at the sulphur baths this afternoon, our guide showed us a cooking hole, in which he said many a man had been prepared for the feast; and he said it with a savage gusto, as though he would have liked to have had a taste of us. As we begin to descend to Wairoa, we come to Lake Tikitapu, a beautiful blue expanse of water, with a native village at one end. Passing this, a narrow ridge divides it from another lake (Rotokakahi), and although only a few hundred yards apart, the latter lake is ninety feet lower, and of a greenish colour; and soon we enter a beautiful mountain valley, or basin, with hills like the Mendips, jutting out all along. The village of Wairoa is a charming little place, with quite a venerable old wooden church, ivy covered, and lanes just like those in Cornwall, one of which leads down to the Lake Tarawera.

Monday,
May 3rd.

A glorious morning, so we started at eight o'clock for the Rotomahana Terraces.

First, a very pleasant walk of one and a half miles down a steep hill, leading to a natural harbour of the lake, our wraps carried by the six rowers; also a luncheon basket, which proved to have been well stored by our hostess, Mrs. McCrae. Our guide, an Englishman, Captain Way, took command, and as soon as we were comfortably seated (six passengers) our seven miles row commenced across Lake Tarawera. The first oarsman, or stroke oar, is a lively-looking fellow, and lays the law down to his fellows, half in English

and half in Maori, and, presently, they bend to their work. This man begins to work himself up into something like a wild rage, for the contortions of his face are terrible, and he looks a veritable savage as he rolls his head about and twists his features as an accompaniment to his pulling.

The rowers are like children, and go by spurts; no sustained effort, but exhaust themselves with heavy pulling for ten minutes, and then go lazily for a quarter of an hour. They try to sing songs and can't, and then it strikes them it is time to eat, and they take up bread and devour it, and then a spurt, and so on.

These Maories are great communists, almost everything is held in common, including the pipe, for these six men have only one between them, and pass it round from one to another; indeed we saw one man pull the pipe from another's mouth, just as he was going to give a pull, which was rather hard lines!

On our way, we called at a native village to buy some prawns for our lunch at the Terraces, just outside, on the lake, passing a long native canoe, having a man, two children, and two dogs in it, the dogs sitting upright—tall hounds—a very pretty picture.

In going across the lake, sails were formerly used, but they are now discontinued, as the natives don't know how to manage them, and if a squall comes on they get frightened, and make nothing of jumping

overboard (they are born swimmers) and leaving the passengers to themselves! I was told a curious story of the kind. A party of English were out in a large boat, fishing, being rowed by natives. Presently a huge shark was caught, and incautiously pulled into the boat before killing him; the shark was lively, and jumped about a deal, snapping at everyone, and the natives jumped overboard and held on to the sides of the boat, just showing their faces over the side, and it was some time before the shark was put beyond mischief, when they got in again.

After one and a half hours' pulling, we reached our landing place, where we had the choice of a canoe or of walking to the White Terrace, a mile off. We chose the latter, a very pretty walk, passing several boiling pots on the way, with here and there a steam hole, the steam rushing out in clouds. Then we reach the White Terrace, which presents very much the appearance of a glacier, a rather dirty white, ascending in steps of from six inches to three feet in height to an elevation of 150 feet. It is useless to make any attempt at a regular description of this veritable wonder of the world. As you get nearer the steps of the Terrace, the whiteness becomes purer. The steps are not in straight lines, but in a series of curves bending outwards, and one step overhangs another, forming mushroom-like shelters. The whole surface is as though honeycombed, the edge being in crystals, just like the edges of the ice as it begins to freeze over a pool. On the top of each

step of the Terrace, is a delightful little pool, the water in which is of a wonderful light blue, which is not affected by atmospheric changes, and these pools are constantly being fed from the Terraces above.

You keep on ascending until the top is reached, when you are in the presence of an active volcano of boiling water. The crater is about fifty feet across, and the water is always seething and boiling and being forced up in jets, while clouds of steam fill the air. Sometimes it heaves up bodily fifty feet and overflows, and a more horrible place it would be difficult to imagine. The whole hill is steaming in places, and there is a constant rumbling and heavy thumping going on underneath, the whole ground being completely honeycombed. We asked our guide what would happen if some of these subterranean passages became stopped up. In reply, he asked us what would happen if the escape valve of a steam boiler were fastened down. Every now and then an unusually heavy concussion arrests your steps, and causes you to look at your neighbour with an unuttered "What next?" Presently we passed the "pot boilers," where our boatman was boiling the potatoes for luncheon. They were placed in a cloth, and put into the hole, covered over by a few branches of the scrub, and in twenty minutes were cooked. In one hole the steam was rushing out with a deafening sound, like the emptying of a boiler through a six-inch pipe, with steam at a hundred pounds pressure; while from another, sounds like a

distant steam hammer proceeded. Thumps, thuds, the hissing of steam, shaking and quaking, and a sense of insecurity, everywhere. As the water flows down the steps it deposits silica upon the rocks, and upon every object it covers. Pebbles, sticks, ferns, and everything, get frosted over in a most beautiful fashion. Dead flies, birds, etc., all show up most clearly. The gurgling, spluttering, sobbing, splashing, hissing, and surging of the scalding water, close alongside us as we walk over the hot ground, is something awful.

In going on towards the Pink Terrace, we pass some mud holes, where the force below sends up spluttering mud heaps, which keep "flop, flopping" on in a most disgusting fashion. The mud is of grey, blue, and pink colours, and is scalding hot; it is very slippery, and certain death to anyone sliding in. One of these mud holes is much prized by the Maories: they eat the mud, which is greasy, and tastes like starch. I did not try it.

One of the geysers is called Te Whatapohu, which means "pain in the stomach;" but, judging from the noises emitted, and the internal rumblings, they all seem to suffer from that complaint. Crossing the Lake Rotomahana—the "hot lake"—we disturb hundreds of wild ducks and other fowl, which find safe shelter here, as no shooting is allowed.

The Pink Terrace has a thin sheet of water always falling over it, step by step. This you have to walk through, and in the various steps are most

fairy-like baths of cerulean hue, and various degrees of warmth, and here most visitors bathe. The silica formation is pink, and in many parts large masses look exactly like the rose-pink of the opal—most beautiful to behold. But it is useless to try and describe it; so I give it up. Certainly, without any exception, it is the most beautiful and most interesting excursion I have ever made. In returning from Lake Rotomahana to Lake Tarawera, instead of walking, as in the morning, we floated down the rapid and tortuous little stream, which connected the two, in a canoe. The water flows very fast, and there are many “snags” in the river, while, on either side, steam holes and boiling pools are very numerous; and woe to us if by any mischance we should be overturned! The steersman—a young Maori—is, however, very nimble, and we get safely to Lake Tarawera, and our large boat.

A brisk row of nearly two hours across the Lake brought our day's wandering to an end; the weather having been beautiful till we got to bed, when we heard the rain pattering in torrents on the galvanised iron roof above us.

Tuesday,
May 4th.

At Wairoa. Rain in torrents this morning, but cleared off in the afternoon. Mrs. T— went with Mr. C— to see the solemn feasting at the Whare puni, or common hall of the community, while I stayed writing up my diary. There has been a death among the juvenile population—a child of eight months old—and this solemn

feast of "boiled meats"—for none are baked—is the usual way of commemorating such sad events, and is called a *tangi*, or time of wailing and lamentation, which I will describe.

A *Tangi*. When a person dies, something like an Irish wake is held over the remains. The body is laid on a table, prepared for the burying, and the friends, relatives, and neighbours crowd into the whare, or hut, as thickly as they can stand, and lean over the body, no matter what the disease causing death may have been, and a general chorus of wailing and lamentation begins, one man leading off and the others joining in, so that you can hear them for a long way off. While this is going on, some one has been to the store and bought bread, jam, spirits, lemonade for the teetotalers (for there are some), tobacco, and so forth; while another goes out and catches the first unlucky pig he comes across, and prepares him for the feast. The mode of killing is very peculiar, but characteristic of the district, the unhappy pig is taken to a boiling spring, and despatched by pushing its head into the horrible boiling hole, and keeping it there till it is dead. The cooking place, in the open behind the house, is soon in full blaze, and the pig is being stewed. In the evening a grand carousal is held—indeed for every evening of the week of wailing. Three days ago this baby died, and great preparations were made for the *Tangi*; the storekeeper (who is also the publican) told me the people had bought over £40 worth of Kai (pronounced Ki), meaning food, and

Wai, or drink. We saw two Maories chase a pig, and having captured it, soon we heard its dying song. In the morning I passed the whare, and the wailing was going on in full force, and later in the day Mrs. T—— and Mr. C—— went to the Whare puni, or large hall, to see the feast. The hall was crowded, also the green outside, probably 200 people altogether were squatting on the ground, the provisions being placed all in a row waiting for distribution. Presently an old boy said something like a grace, and while he was doing this, a pig, which had been smelling around, got up to the potato pot and pushing his nose in, seized a good one, and was making off, but the dogs were not going to permit this, so they chased the pig, which went squealing amongst the people until it was seized by the ears by two dogs and compelled to drop the potato. Then the food was dealt out, and the people went at it vigorously, pulling the meat in pieces with their hands, and taking brandy and water out of a general bucket. All this while Mrs. T—— and Mr. C—— were walking about amongst them, without being noticed in the least. The feast ended with bread and jam, and three cwt. of Captain's biscuits.

There is a native doctor in the village, who also acts as a sort of priest or exorcist towards the close of his patients' lives, for when the end is near, and the dying person is uneasy, he says the devil is struggling with him, and so he takes the poor fellow by the throat and gives him a squeeze, which soon ejects the evil spirit, and puts the poor man to rest.

Almost every native has a bad cough; it is distressing to hear them, young and old, all alike, constantly coughing. It is hardly any wonder, for they get soaking wet, and yet never change their clothes, but go into their huts and lie down to sleep on the floor, wet as they are. When once a Maori fancies he is going to die, he is sure to do so; nothing will convince him to the contrary, he keeps his bed, and pines away, and dies. It is not lawful for the publicans to sell intoxicants to the Maories, but they do it notwithstanding, charging exorbitant prices, to enable them to pay the fines which are rarely imposed. There is a man about here, upon whom the drink has a very peculiar effect,—it somehow gets into his legs and not his head, for while, when most drunk, the latter keeps perfectly clear, he has to put someone else to look after, and control, his legs.

The hotel at Wairoa is built on Maori land, without any lease, and they will not sell it; they are at perfect liberty to eject the landlord whenever they like, and a few years ago, when Mr. C—— was here with a party of ladies, they were just going to bed, when a party of Maories invaded the house, and drove everybody out into the streets, where they had to stay until the landlord bribed the darkies to allow him to enter again. They told him the house was theirs, and as winter was coming on, they thought it was more comfortable for them, and they meant to have it!

The little baby was buried yesterday, and we went to the funeral. There were but few there, as it is not usual for the near relatives to be present. The English burial service was read, part of it by a woman—a great aunt of the child—and the wailing was very great. As the party were leaving the grave side they shook hands with us and wailed. On one of the graves was a good bedstead, on which the buried person had died, and so it was tabooed, and would be left to rot. In the next grave-house—for some of the coffins are put in houses with doors—were the remains of a woman, and all her clothes—very good ones—were hanging around the dismal apartment.

The Maories never use nails in building their wooden houses, but everything is tied together with green withes, and very securely they fasten them. In front of every native settlement, is a little wooden house, raised about three feet from the ground, on a pillar, so as to prevent rats getting into it, and in the house is kept the provisions of the various huts, all being held in common, so that each individual is at liberty to help himself—the hungriest, of course, getting the most. If anyone wants to see what communism is, and what it leads to, let him come to New Zealand and study the Maori life. Every individual in the tribe has an equal right to the land, and, before a piece can be sold, every individual's consent, in writing, duly witnessed, has to be obtained, and his share of the purchase money handed

to him. Now, as this share is necessarily small, and as everything bought with it is common property, there is no incentive to anyone to save; “Hang saving!” and so the money is almost invariably spent in feasting and drinking. The rule is to spend everything to-day, keep nothing for to-morrow; “Let us eat, drink, and be merry.” One man is just as rich, or rather poor, as another, and all are miserably clad, and huddled together, like pigs, in their houses. Even their clothes are not their very own, consequently few have more than what they stand upright in, and they are very ragged, and rarely include any covering for the legs in either sex, the consequence being that at least two out of every three have frightful coughs and colds. Maori communism is productive of universal laziness, as opposed to the universal industry resulting from every man getting the reward of his own industry. Except in the northern portion of the island, not one in twenty will work at anything. Why should they? It takes next to nothing to keep them alive, and they get what will do it by extorting money from visitors, in showing the hot springs, sulphur baths, etc., and so long as they can keep alive that is all they want. Then when things get to a low ebb, instead of working on their common land, they determine to sell a slice of it, which, having done, they place the proceeds in the hands of the storekeeper, who is generally the publican, and feast so long as it lasts, and then half starve. Yet the land is as fertile as it can be, and will grow anything, but they cannot even

get milk enough for their wants, actually importing and using Swiss milk in the very paradise of pasture land. The land belongs to all, so *none* will work upon it, and squalor and misery reign. "Give us peace in our time, and after us the deluge."

One Maori told me that "very few men liked hard work, for," he said, "if he worked hard he should get more than he could use himself, and why should he work for others?" Every man does as little as he can, instead of as much, and so everyone is always on the verge of starvation.

Here, if a woman runs away from her husband, and lives with another man, the neighbours go to the deserted husband and thrash him soundly, and take all he has, as they say it must be his fault that his wife has run away.

Our landlord—a grabbing old Scot—was regretting there were so many Tangis just now (several people had died during the past month), for all his stock had been sold out, and the Maories had gone to a neighbouring town to buy for a great feast or Tangi, which was coming off to-day, and he would lose the trade!

Why won't people obligingly die at wider intervals?

Above the village, on the hill-side, is an old Mission Station—the oldest in the Colony—surrounded by gardens and orchards, where everything was growing in the greatest luxuriance. Just below was the old church, built of wood, but covered with ivy and other creepers, and looking very venerable and

interesting. Farther down the hill-side, in a pretty enclosure, is the district school, where sixty young Maories are taught by Mr. Haszard, his wife and daughters. Some of our party went in and saw the children at their work, Mr. Haszard looking the very picture of the old village schoolmaster. Wairoa is certainly the most charmingly-situated little village we have seen since leaving England, and but for the greed of the hotel keeper we should leave it with unalloyed regret. On leaving, Mrs. T—— and I walked on three miles into the lovely Tikitapu bush, passing the green and blue lakes en route, the carriage following on.

Thursday,
May 6th.

Off at nine o'clock to Tikitere, thirteen miles away, to the most infernal of all these horrible mud, sulphur, and clear hot water fountains. Near the end of a pretty valley, we come upon these horrible pits, which vomit forth disgusting belchings of stinking mud: "flop, flop, flop;" the sulphur fumes are thick, and the steam blinding, and the ground is as treacherous as possible, consisting as it does of loose sulphur and pumice dust. Our sticks sink into the ground at the slightest pressure, and steam comes forth. It is absolutely dangerous to walk about without a guide, and none too safe even then. The guide book truly says that in "Dantesque horror and sublime desolation it is unapproached." One of these seething cauldrons is fifty or sixty feet across, and the water is always at boiling point and in a state of violent commotion,

the colour being that of muddy coffee, and the smell like the very pit. The whole ground is hollow and full of hissing sounds; while, every now and then, heavy shocks are felt, so that you are glad when you have "cleared out." A sense of imminent danger is never absent from one's mind, there is a constant tremor in the ground, and jets of steam and hot water issue from the middle of the high roads in new and unexpected places. Our guide, an Englishman, suffers much from rheumatism and other complaints, and finds this is the only place in which he can be tolerably free from the aches and pains which rack him everywhere else. "Out of humanity's reach," in the midst of smells and sights the most horrible, and in a position which must be one of constant danger, one is inclined to ask "Is life worth living in such a place?"

A walk of a mile through a lovely wood brings us up to the ridge of a hill, overlooking a most lovely little lake (Roto-iti, or shag lake), with a beautiful white sandy beach, reminding us of Sir Walter's "Ellen's Isle," trees surrounding the whole. On the way, we passed through a part where a native village once stood; but the natives in these parts have all died out, and there are now none for miles, where, in the memory of persons now living, the villages were very numerous.

In the woods we saw a fine specimen of a Rata tree. The Rata is a parasite, which climbs up other trees and twists around their trunks for

support; but before many years it has tightened its grasp and begins to kill its friendly support, until at last it is as large as that, and actually throttles it, becoming a large tree itself, while the original one rots away.

In driving home, we passed two young Maori women, who had ridden fifty miles on horseback to-day, and they looked tired.

The weather is magnificent.

Friday,
May 7th.

A glorious morning, sharp and frosty. We were off in a buggy soon after seven, en route for Wellington, via Taupo and the Wairakei geysers. The sulphur springs and pot boilers were steaming away in full force, as we drove past (three miles). Whakarewarewa, with its hell-mouths vomiting out sulphurous steam and vile hot mud, accompanied by sounds like the grunting of pigs, only much louder, and varied by the dull "flop, flop" of the spouting mud—a scene of awful desolation, upon which I was glad to finally turn my back, for during the whole week we have been here, the sense of insecurity and of ever-present danger, never left our minds. Ascending a steep hill, we get to the pass leading to Taupo, and take a last look at Ohinemutu and the lake Rotorua, glistening under the morning sun. A beautiful stream rushes on in the gorge below, the banks being crowded with the broad leaf of the native flax—like our flags. Then on for twenty-six miles through a most desolate country, without a house, and with

very little vegetation, except the tussock-grass. We only passed two persons on the way, and one of those was a Maori, chasing a horse which had twelve hours' start of him—tracing him by the trail of his halter. The young fellow held on to our carriage for six miles, and then had to let go. We had no room for him inside.

We pass an immense hill, 2,000 feet high, rising sheer out of the plain, at the end of which is a pillar of stone, which the natives say is Hinemoa, the daughter of a chief, who was turned to stone for running off with a youth belonging to an inferior tribe, living on the island in the lake of Ohinemutu. This young lady had shown some liking for the youth, and so her father forbade her seeing him, but she disobeyed, and one day swam across to the island, and went to the well. Presently a servant came down to the well with a pitcher, which Hinemoa took the liberty of breaking, and told the servant to inform his master. Presently down came the irate youth with a club, intending to punish the insolent stranger. He soon found who it was, and took the young lady and married her out of hand. Then came the angry parent, who killed the husband, and took his daughter and turned her into stone, placing her on the mountain, where she awaits a deliverer who shall utter the magic word which shall restore Hinemoa to life. We felt sorry we did not know it.

We halted for lunch at Te-Antimira, where there stands a hill, about 700 feet high, and very

precipitous on all sides. Twenty years ago, when the Maories were fighting us, they hauled several canoes to the top of this hill to catch rain water to save during the dry season, when they were entrenched on the top.

At the inn, the only house for miles, were three little boys, regular Maories to look at, but talking in the purest English, and unable to speak a word of Maori. They were the children of the landlord, who had married a Maori wife.

Following the telegraph, and over a rough road, we came on to this place, Wairakei, where we stay the night. A drive of fifty-three miles in a buggy, sun shining brightly, but with a fresh, cool air stirring. A delightful drive, except that it is through a wild and desolate country, with scarcely a soul to be seen, and where, only five years ago, it was hardly safe for a white man to be seen. In this country men have been lost and died. A year ago, a poor fellow started off from a town to try and find work, taking a week's provisions with him. He lost himself, but, by-and-by, came on to the telegraph line, when he was nearly exhausted. He determined to cut the wire, knowing that the telegraph people could discover where the fracture existed. They soon did so, but it was too late, for he died soon after they discovered him. This place is approached through an avenue of boiling holes; the house is the only one within five miles, and is a whare (pronounced "wharry," as "soiree"). The walls inside are lined

with a large rush, like a cane, also the ceiling. A jolly wood fire burns in the chimney corner, and everything is as cosy and nice as possible. The kitchen is a separate building, and the attendants live in rooms attached to it. The room was bright and cosy as we entered, and soon we were seated at a comfortable supper, and I am writing this while Mrs. T—— is retiring.

Saturday,
May 8th. A very comfortable hotel—outside like an Irish hut, covered on roof and sides with the long tussock-grass.

A walk of one and a half miles along the side of a hill, with a beautiful little stream—but very hot and steaming alongside—brings us to the most wonderful of all the geysers, Tuhuatali by name, meaning “The beginning of all the geysers.” I am sitting here—within three feet of the boiling, hissing cauldron, forty feet wide by sixty feet long—the water bubbling up like champagne, clouds of steam rising 100 feet high, and the sun shining upon it, with now and then a breath of cool air, which blows the steam away, disclosing the surface, green and comparatively smooth, with sundry little explosions of air, like champagne bottles going off. While I write, the ground shakes under me, with a series of heavy thuds, quite alarming. Altogether the most wonderful sight I have ever seen. I tell our young friend, John C——, who acts as guide through the island, that he has kept the best wine till last. We could stay here a week,

looking at the boiling geysers, as they rise at least ten feet high. At a little distance, the sound is just like the noise of the surf by the seaside. Then on to the great Wairakei geyser, which is intermittent at regular intervals of seven minutes, when the water rises in beautiful jets of boiling, surging water, of thirty feet high at times, spreading over a space of sixty feet wide. There is not much silica in this water. One little "mill" goes with irregular thuds, exactly like a tilt hammer. Over the crater grows a green substance, a low form of animal life, which exists in the boiling water. The ground all around is soft and spongy, and our sticks sink their full lengths with very little pressure, steam and hot water issuing at once from the holes thus made.

On to the Eagle's Nest, a boiling, or rather a steaming pot, where boughs of trees have fallen in picturesque confusion, forming a heap just like a huge eagle's nest, the centre being depressed as for the eggs. About every half-hour this place belches forth a pasty compound of silica, the boughs being quite coated with it, as with ice. Another place would delight Mr. Ewen, for there is a constant stream of boiling hot water being pumped up from below, sufficient to fill an eight-inch pipe. The great peculiarity of these geysers is that they come into operation at regular intervals, some every five minutes, like a magnificent one I am now standing opposite, which goes to work every five

minutes, sending up a tremendous quantity, which boils over and falls into a beautiful natural basin, coated with pink silica. All the while the pretty little fan-tail birds are flying around us and through the stream, getting within three feet of our faces. This place consists of two houses, but the map in the guide book shows it as a regular township, with streets, and a racecourse just outside, with baths, etc., and its advantages as a farming country are pointed out. A greater sham there could not be, as, for fifty miles around, the ground is covered with pumice stone, and nothing but scrub will grow. Salt is sixpence per pound here, and ginger sixpence an ounce.

Sunday,
May 9th.

Another splendid morning. Before breakfast I walked part way across the plain, on which this homestead stands. It is a vast crater of miles in extent; at my foot is a hot stream of water coming from the Geysers, and is sufficient for a canoe to go upon. In front is a range of barren hills, and 500 feet above their tops rises a cloud of white steam from the Champagne Geyser I described yesterday. All alongside the hills, numbers of little jets of steam are issuing, and steam is everywhere. As late as seven years ago, this country was absolutely unsafe for a European, and had not been surveyed. After breakfast we started for Taupo, taking Karapiti on the way. Here is, I think, the greatest wonder in the world. All the hot streams in the district go for a great distance underground, and

here at Karapiti (meaning the "steam hole") there is a great shaft coming up from the underground river, through which the steam rushes at a terrific pressure. The orifice is thirty-six inches in diameter, and the steam issuing from it is perfectly dry, for you can see the other side of the funnel through it as distinctly as though nothing were there, and this goes on for all time. Masses of fern, or of light soil, thrown into it rise into the air, and if you hold your stick in the steam it is lifted almost out of your hand. We stand right alongside the orifice, within a foot, and the steam rises for 500 feet at least. The whole ground shakes for hundreds of yards around, and without doubt this is the most wonderful place I have ever heard of. It is seven years since the place was discovered, and there has not been the least intermission or slackening since. I asked our guide (an engineer by profession) what would happen if by any chance the "pipes" or passages below should become stopped? He replied, "What would happen? Well, I guess earthquakes and a general burst up." We are now nearly through the volcanic regions, and I am glad, as the feeling of imminent danger is never absent from my mind, although the residents do not share it.

Two miles further on, through most treacherous ground, full of deep holes, which are fortunately discernible from the steam issuing from them, over the scrub, and then through a narrow gulley, we come upon a fairy scene—a bend in the river Waikato, green as the ocean, but covered in white foam from

the falls just above. These are the Falls of Huka, of which few persons in England have heard, but which those who have once seen in the glorious sunshine, as we see it on this Sunday, will never forget as long as they live. A "thing of beauty" is the first thought, as the green and white mass of water—280,000 gallons per minute—rushes through the narrow gorge, about thirty feet wide, and down the rocks, thirty feet or more deep, into a most lovely blue-green reservoir below. Tree ferns and other shrubs border the stream, and the lichen-covered rocks crop up out of the moss all about. Below, close alongside the awful rush of waters, is a fairy bower of ferns, maiden-hair and others, and of moss with vine-like creepers overhanging, while the water drops over the roof of the cave into the ravine below, and the little fan-tail bird flies in and out close to your face. It was over these falls that a tribe of Maories boasted to a neighbouring tribe they could guide their canoes. They tried it, and all but one, who jumped on to a rock just in time, paid the penalty of their bravado, and were never seen again. This water comes from Lake Taupo, five miles off. A few miles farther brings us to a place called "Loffley's," after a man who has taken great pains in planting and setting it out. It is another crater, and the ground sounds quite hollow as we walk over it. Near this place are several geysers, one of them, called the "Crow's Nest," sends forth a jet of clear water, sixty feet high, but it was not "working," as the river is low.

The little boy who has been waiting upon us at the whare at Wairakei is an orphan; his father having been boiled in one of the hot water holes at Ohinemutu. Mrs. T—— and Mr. C—— rode on horseback, but the guide and I walked for eight hours, and I quite enjoyed it. A splendid sunset closed a most wonderful day's sights. To-night we sleep at Taupo.

Monday,
May 10th.

The guide at Wairakei, who lives in the whare (wharry), is a civil engineer by profession, and for years had an office in Great George Street, Westminster; but twelve years of ague, contracted in the Caucasus, where he was engaged in constructing railways for the Russian Government, brought him down, and now he is here. He is a fine man, but greatly shaken, and says he feels happy where he is, although sometimes in the winter not a person calls at the lonely place for three months together. The weather is now decidedly cold at night and in the mornings, and we are glad of a fire; but we could not approve of the way in which the servant (an Irish girl) proceeded to light it, for, in order to make a blaze, she threw two wax candles into it before we could stop her. Quite an Irish characteristic. Would she do it if they were her own? Very probably!

Left Taupo at half-past six a.m., going along the lake side for three miles, with a fine view of the volcanoes Ruapehu and Tongariro, 9,000 feet and 6,500 feet respectively, and both snow-covered. Tongariro is always more or less active, but

Ruapehu has never before been known to be so, and is causing some apprehension in consequence of the steam now issuing from it. This lake covers about four hundred square miles. A most dreary ride of forty miles, during which we passed a place where, twenty years ago, a whole company of British soldiers were massacred, and where the rebel leader's "butcher" now lives—the man who killed all his master's prisoners.

The last ten miles was through a beautiful country, with lofty trees, the road running alongside the hills which bound a fine valley, a pretty river winding and twisting along, one hundred feet below, reaching Tarawera at four o'clock, after fifty-five miles ride in an open carriage.

Tuesday,
May 11th.

Left Tarawera at half-past six o'clock, just before daybreak. It was raining, and we wrapped ourselves up well, as we had thirteen hours before us in an open carriage over a series of mountains, without a mile of level ground. On getting to the top of a hill, looking around as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but a countless number of hill tops, with the sides buried in fine trees; and this continued all day (as did also the rain, in torrents). About twenty miles before we reached Napier we entered a valley, the bottom of which was practically covered by a river, for it meandered along for eight miles without a single bridge, and we had to ford it fifty-one times! more than half of which times the water was over the axles, and the river one hundred feet wide. Darkness

was coming on, and I was really uncomfortable ; but we got out all right, reaching Napier at half-past seven.

Wednesday,
May 12th.

Napier is a charming little town on the east coast with 8,000 inhabitants, depending upon wool and frozen meat. A splendid marine promenade, and wide, pretty streets, with English trees everywhere. The business part of the town is on a spit of land reclaimed from the sea ; but the private houses, which are very handsome, are on an elevated plateau, which used to be an island. It is full of charming valleys in miniature, and altogether is very pretty, with splendid views of the sea. A most brilliant day ; not too hot.

Thursday,
May 13th.

Up at six o'clock, to take train for Tahoraite, the last station on the railway now being made to Wellington—about eighty miles in six and a half hours, and then by coach fifteen miles to Woodville, where we stay the night.

This place, Woodville, is a charming little town-ship, only six years old, but looking most prosperous, as well it might do, for the country for one hundred miles is as fine as any in the world ; grass growing splendidly, and the cattle and sheep in fine condition. The town is at the edge of the forest, which is being vigorously attacked, and the sound of the axe and saw is heard on every side, and everybody looks well-to-do. I have never seen finer grazing ground anywhere, and the farmhouses look substantial and good.

In describing Napier yesterday, I omitted noting that it contains streets named after Milton, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Dickens, Carlyle, and Browning.

Friday,
May 14th.

Up at a quarter to four o'clock to take the coach for Masterton, sixty miles away. It was pitch dark, and raining in torrents, and we had to walk through mud to get into the lumbering old coach, and when we got to it there was no light and no step to get up, and Mrs. T—— had to be pulled up over the muddy wheel, and get into the dark carriage, where were strangers closely packed, settling down as well as we could. The sides of the coach were open, and the rain and wind came in, so we had to wrap ourselves up well. The coach had five large lamps in front, one on each side of the driver and three arranged along the top, and so we plunged along until we reached a Maori village, the name of which I could not master, but it sounded like "Eat-your-cake-and-have-it!" Here we stayed to breakfast, at a roughish-looking inn. Curry and rice—oh so hot!—chops and steaks were waiting for us. So, as we had had good steaks elsewhere, we decided to try them, but soon repented, for we had but twenty minutes, and the steak was as tough as leather. I made a quiet remark to that effect, upon which a rough-looking fellow on the other side looked up and said to the landlord, who was carving, "Did he say the steak is tough? It is a beautiful steak! Give me some more, landlord." And then he glared

at me. The landlord was very pleased, and said he had a reputation for his steaks, which I could readily believe ; but, as I did not want to quarrel, I said it was my teeth and the shortness of time I was quarrelling with, not the steak, which I could manage well enough if I had better teeth, and an hour or two to spare ; as it was, I preferred a chop. On starting again, this fellow got into the coach, and sat near us, and I soon found he was tipsy. He told us the landlord asked him afterwards if he really liked the steak, and whether it was really tough ? “ It was as tough as my old boot,” said he. Then the fellow offered us whiskey, which we declined, saying we had never drunk any. “ Not drink any,” said he, “ then brandy is your favourite drink ? ” I told him I was not a drinker. He seemed surprised, and then in his tipsy impertinence said that when he looked at my face and nose across the table at breakfast he said to himself, “ That man is an inveterate drinker, I know, and I bet it cost a good £150 to colour *his* nose ! ” That was pretty good, was it not ? My face is tolerably well coloured from exposure to sun and wind, and I suppose somewhat justified the fellow in saying I looked a regular “ brandy face.” Long before we arrived at Masterton, he fell asleep, and was in that state when we arrived, and the coachman drove him off to the stableyard, intending to let him stay there till he awoke. Having dined, we took train to Wellington, having had over 300 miles of driving in the open air, in all sorts of weather, but without ever getting wet or taking cold. The railway to

Wellington goes over a hill, 2,400 feet high, and is constructed on the "Fell" system, with a central rail. Pouring rain till we reached this place.

Saturday,
May 15th.
At Wellington. Being M's birthday, we duly honored her name at dinner-time, while she was safe in bed, for our time here is eleven hours and thirty minutes in advance of you!

Sunday,
May 16th. I was saying yesterday, that Wellington had disappointed me, as I had always understood it was a very windy place, and I thought everybody held his hat firmly while going around corners, but there was no wind. This morning the gale was raging terribly, shaking the house, and the rain coming down in torrents, and I saw a hat being very firmly held!

The "Tainui" is here, and there is a mail just leaving for Melbourne, to catch the Brindisi mail, which should arrive in England about July 5th, or a few days before we do—so I post this by it, and you will get no more till I return, for which I fancy I hear you say—"For this relief, much thanks!"

Monday,
May 17th. You will get this, the last portion of my notes, before the lot immediately preceding, as I sent it via Melbourne, which I find takes longer than the direct steamer, or the San Francisco mail, by which this goes. I divided my last lot, to prevent your being *too much* bored, by having such a terrific lot to read. (There is always a remedy: *don't* read it).

Tuesday,
May 18th.

This morning the rain and wind had all gone, and a glorious summer's day made Wellington look at its best.

Wednesday,
May 19th.

As you are aware, almost every kind of carriage for passengers here, is called by the Yankee name of "buggy." It is not a nice name, and I have often wondered what its origin was—now I think I have got at it. In England, we call a light close carriage, hired from hotels, a "fly." A quick packet boat used to be called a "fly-boat," because of its capacity for speed. Now, Yankees call everything that flies a bug—ergo—everything that goes quickly is "buggy." Is that it?

Our steamer was due to leave at twelve, sharp, so we got on board, and exactly at the hour it cast off, and we steamed out of harbour in a gale of wind from the North. Fortunately, it was in our favour, so we did not feel it, and as it came off land, it did not much affect the waves, and we had a beautiful passage here (to Dunedin). Only seven passengers in the saloon of the great ship. The entrance to Port Chalmers is very pretty, with the wooded hills and green fields coming close down to the water. Great care is needed in getting in, as the channel is narrow and tortuous, so a pilot is necessary.

Just as we were getting to the wharf, a sudden storm came on, which made it very difficult to make fast. Dunedin is seven miles in, and is reached by railway, and by small steamers. By half-past five, we

were safely housed in the Grand Hotel, a beautiful house, after the model of the great hotel, on Lake Pallanza. Mr. E——, our fellow passenger from England, came and spent the evening with us.

Friday,
May 21st.
At Dunedin.

For S. T——, Esq., and other authorities on architecture!

The paper here this morning, describing some new buildings just going up, says:—"The general handling of the front will be 'ROMANRY NASIANSE'" (literally).

Query:—What style is this?

We go on to Christchurch on Monday, by train, and shall then be seven miles from Lyttleton, from which place we sail on Saturday next, the twenty-ninth instant, and hope to see you all well, about the seventh of July, when I think you will say I have accounted for almost every day since leaving!

Saturday,
May 22nd.

To-day we tried the cable tramway, which has been at work several years. The line is almost straight, but has very steep gradients—in places one in three and a half, and one in six. In one place it was so steep that we slipped on the seat in going down hill.

Soon after this part of New Zealand was settled, gold was discovered, and there was a great rush of diggers from Victoria. They found the original settlers here—mostly Scotch—very slow, and for some reason not very clear, these were nicknamed by the new comers "Old Identities," in return for

which the Victorians were called “New Iniquities,” and the former name is still in general use, denoting the original settlers.

The old second-hand bookseller, at Wellington, told me he was an “Old Identity.” I wanted to ask him what it meant, but refrained, fearing it might mean “convict!”

At Wellington, in the House of Representatives, last night, there was a little scene.

An hon. member proposed that the dining rooms in connection with the parliament house should be done away with; and in course of his remarks, he said he had “frequently seen members waddling into the house, after a Boa Constrictor’s dinner (a regular gorge), washed down by quantities of sack!”

Pretty good, that!

Sunday,
May 23rd.

To the “First Church”—Presbyterian—
a really fine Gothic building, on a splendid site. The minister, a young man from Aberdeen, for some time resident in Melbourne. As a minister, we did not like him, but we liked him because his style of preaching reminded us of Este, in his rendering of the lecture by Dr. Knox, on the “Dark Races of Mankind.” During his sermon, the minister referred to Carlyle, Sir Walter, Shakespeare, etc., and this did not suit the ideas of an ancient Scotch lady, who got up and shouted at him, “It’s shameful, it’s shameful, in a place of worship!” She did not throw a stool at him, like Jeannie Geddes, but her words were very sharp. The parson stopped,

and then, with execrable taste, said, "Some people are more fit for a lunatic asylum than for a place of worship," and for some moments was giggling all over his face. He has a pretty manse, and £725 a year, and is irremovable, unless fault can be found with his "faith or morals." He has only been here six months, and already some of his flock are said to be tired of him, but his "faith and morals" are unimpeachable, and are likely to remain so.

Mr. Burns, at whose house we were last night, is a descendant of Robert Burns, and is the son of the first Presbyterian minister who came here at the original settlement—one of the "Old Identities." They brought a great quantity of tools, etc., as there was no settlement here then. They were stacked in an open place, under canvas. Amongst the rest, was a little cask, containing harrow tines, or teeth, but everyone had forgotten what it did contain, and there it stayed for three years. At last Mr. Burns decided to open it, and, on doing so, found about 100 straws in it, and one small hole through which they had been inserted, by persons who hoped by suction to draw the contents, but the whiskey would not come!

Monday,
May 24th.

The Queen's birthday was ushered in with a great waste of gunpowder. A beautiful day. In the paper this morning, is an account of a man brought up before the magistrates on a charge of refusing to maintain his wife. His defence was that many years ago he was sentenced

to death, but reprieved, and sentence commuted to life imprisonment. By good conduct he got out after thirteen years, and then his wife sued him for maintenance. He told the magistrate that having been sentenced to death, he was dead (civilly), and all his relations to the world absolutely cancelled ; and that, as no instance of the kind had occurred before (*i.e.*, of a man being sued for maintenance by his wife, after he had been condemned) there was no court which had jurisdiction. The magistrate, however, told him that his case would have been perfect if he had been *hanged*, in pursuance of his sentence, but that not having been hanged, he was liable. Five shillings a week !

A clergyman has just landed here, after a very stormy passage, in which there was some danger. He had a bag containing twenty-three years' sermons, in MS., so when the captain ordered all hands on deck—meaning the crew—the clergyman thought the time had come for the ship to sink and for taking to the boats, so he clutched his precious sermons, and telling his dear wife to follow him, rushed on deck. A flood of salt water met him, and washed his bag of tricks—I mean sermons—overboard, and they were lost ! He said they were “dearer to him than his life.” (Query : or wife ?)

While at the hotel a man sent up a book of dried ferns, with a note asking me to “kindly *peruse* these ferns !”

A drive to the celebrated Mosgiel Woollen Mills, brought our visit to Dunedin to a close. The

machinery and arrangements of these mills seem perfect, and the quality of the goods produced is admirable. It was pleasant to hear that the company are paying good dividends. The situation of these mills, in a beautiful country district, forms a striking contrast to the dark and grimy streets of Bradford and other centres of the woollen industry in England.

Tuesday,
May 25th.

We left Dunedin with regret. The city is "beautiful for situation," and its inhabitants, as far as we had to do with them, were kindness and hospitality itself.

A glorious morning, with a decided touch of winter in it. We took the train for Christchurch (230 miles) at ten minutes past eight a.m., and arrived there punctually at five minutes to eight p.m.—eleven and three-quarter mortal hours! Mr. Ewing and Mr. McLeod coming to see us off. For the first fifty miles the ride is very interesting, ascending 2,000 feet, amid fine scenery, the line skirting a series of beautiful bays. We pass through numerous flourishing townships—Oamaru, with its beautiful light-yellow sandstone houses, and Timaru, with its bluestone—through splendidly fertile plains, and for fifty miles or more a grand panorama of snow mountains and peaks, like the Monte Rosa chain in Switzerland. As we approach Christchurch, we pass numerous substantial houses, with park-like surroundings, and everything betokens agricultural wealth. We were glad to find a most comfortable hotel (Coker's), where we found a batch of welcome letters, which had come on from Wellington.

Wednesday,
May 26th.

A telegram from Mr. C——, Auckland, saying his son, who travelled all through the North Island with us, is on the way down to meet us, and to go on to England with us. There is a very fair Cathedral here, and the City (6,000 people) is fairly attractive, although on a dead level.

The Colony—Canterbury—was founded by Church of England people, and every street almost is called after English Bishoprics—Latimer Square, Cranmer Square, etc. During the morning we drove out to Upper Riccarton, seven miles, to see the son of a tenant of mine, and found him at his plough, busy and happy. He was most pleased to see us. The hedges are of gorse, which is now in full bloom, and there are large numbers of English deciduous trees along the roadside, in all the glory of autumn, which looks curious to English eyes in the month of May.

There is a good book shop here; so, of course, I went to it, and in it was an almost exact counterpart of our venerable friend, S. T——, Esq., F.S.A., J.P., etc., etc., etc., and bibliophile, etc., etc., etc. ! Just his head, hair, and even his winter Ulster coat, with the band behind; also a soft hat as worn by him. This was when his *back* was towards us. When he turned round we saw at once it was not the Prophet of Arley; for the soft hat was tied up with cords, and he had knee breeches and silk stockings. On enquiry I found he was the Lord Bishop of Nelson—a regular old bookworm.

In the afternoon the waiter brought me the card of a gentleman belonging to the local newspaper press. Would I see him? "Why, certainly," I replied; and in came a very good-looking man, who introduced himself by saying that the American practice of interviewing was in vogue here, and would I object; I did *not* object; so we had a really interesting discussion on various matters respecting New Zealand and England, especially as regards Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposals. The interview lasted over half an hour, during which the gentleman's hands were in sight, and he did not make a single note; yet the column in the paper this morning is a much better report of what I said than has often appeared in the *Birmingham Post*, although that is not saying much; in fact, it is almost in the very words I used. My forecast of the probable course of events on the Irish question has been abundantly verified by the event.

Thursday,
May 27th.

Went to Port Lyttleton, seven miles off, by railway; took our luggage out of store, where it has been waiting for a month, and placed it on board the steamer, and arranging our cabin, so that on Saturday we shall only have to walk on board, without hurry or flurry. The "ship's husband"—as the general manager is called—the provider—was there, and was most polite and helpful.

We strolled about Port Lyttleton, which lies on the slope of two or three lofty hills, and has but little level ground. It was here that the Church of

England settlers landed thirty-five years ago, when there was not a single hut. When they ascended the hills, which shut the lovely bay in, and looked on to the vast and boundless plain beyond, bare of trees, they felt their hearts sink, as they expected a diversified country, with rivers, of which latter there are few here. However, they have now built a city, and it forms the outlet for a vast quantity of agricultural produce, and is very prosperous. The snow mountains are in view for several months of the year, and the people look happy and prosperous. The founders of the Colony are now known as the "Canterbury pilgrims," but they had no Chaucer to chronicle their daily doings.

Friday,
May 28th.

In the museum here, is a fine collection of skeletons of the extinct bird, the Moa—a gigantic creature.

Saturday,
May 29th.

Went down to Port Lyttleton, seven miles from Christchurch, to go on board the "Tainui," 5,200 tons, 3,500 horse-power, Captain Barlow. A fine day, and Lyttleton looked its best. It is in a horse-shoe shaped bay, with hills upon every side, close around the town. In the middle of the hill-side, we passed a large building, with walls on every side, covered on the tops with broken glass and *chevaux de frise*. I had been told that the camp was in that direction, and at first thought that this was the place of refuge during the Maori wars, but it looked too freshly built for that. Of a

gentleman passing, I enquired who they expected “would try to get inside there?” pointing to the high walls. “Nobody would think of trying to get in,” said he, “but they are so protected to prevent those within from getting out, for it is the gaol for the whole island.”

We left the harbour at twelve o'clock, but anchored outside the bar till half-past two, waiting for the agent, and then we sailed “out into the infinite.” I received a rare budget of letters from England—about a dozen altogether, and some from Sydney; the English ones having arrived at Wellington only a day before.

The barometer fell to $28^{\circ} 70'$, and the weather has continued rough, with perpetual heavy rolling till this minute (Saturday night—more than eight days after), with no signs of much improvement. Last night a heavy sea came on board and washed a large boat clean overboard, and it was lost. To-day we have had hailstorms and sleet, and must expect more before we round Cape Horn.

Sunday,
June 6th.

During last week we had to have two Mondays to make up for the day we gain in going East.

The weather became bad soon after we started, and this evening the sea rose almost suddenly, when many of the large square ports were open—ours amongst the rest. Mrs. T— was lying down, when suddenly a green sea came rushing through the window, flying right across the cabin, on to the

top bed, saturating it, and filling the cabin six inches deep. Mrs. T——, thinking something was seriously wrong, jumped out of bed, and in leaving the cabin the door closed on her fingers with a bang, injuring them severely. Our luggage was well soaked, and many other cabins were served the same.

Monday,
June 7th.

Weather still very rough, with frequent hailstorms and squalls. We are still going East, on fiftieth parallel of latitude, which we have kept for four days. The captain doesn't like cold weather, so he is going to do all his easting right away, and then make a sudden plunge south, and have the ice-bath as short as possible.

A fellow-passenger told me a rather good story to-day. He was M.P. for an important constituency, and an honorary member of a volunteer corps. One day his brother officers gave a banquet in his honour. They were mostly tradesmen of the neighbourhood, and had whiskey, beer, etc., at dinner, but placed a bottle of port before him as “guest.” The principal dish was a sucking pig, and the question was who should carve it? The choice fell upon a butcher-officer, who forthwith assumed the post, and standing up stuck his fork into pig-witten (Cornish for “little pig”), and in a loud voice said, “Now then, who says *pig?*”

I am not sure if I told you two little stories of Queenslanders when writing from Sydney:—

In one case a squatter had a gentleman from Melbourne as his guest, and invited a few of his

neighbours to meet him. Neighbours being scarce, his choice was restricted, so amongst others, there came the man of whom he bought his liquor. Now the host's cook was a “Heathen Chinee,” whose wife did the waiting at table. During dinner, the stranger was offered wine, beer, etc., but declined, preferring to take water. The woman could not understand this, and thought, as he did not drink the glass of beer she had poured out, that he did not think it good, so she went and told her husband, “the Chinee,” upon which that gentleman rushed into the dining room, in his cooking costume, and, pointing to the visitor, said, “Him no likee beer ?” and then pointing to the purveyor of that liquid said, in tones of anger, “Me bought it of *he!*” and then exit.

Another squatter, hard up, wanted to borrow more money, and waited upon a bank manager, who asked him what security he had to offer? The squatter began to enumerate his various stations, or estates, giving the number of sheep on each, and when he had finished, the bank manager quietly asked him, “Have you any other *liabilities?*”—Stations being now a drug in the market, involving outlay rather than bringing income.

Tuesday,
June 8th.

The late Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand and Lichfield, was very assiduous in visiting the various parts of the Island. In those days the means of getting about were very few, and he frequently walked great distances. On one occasion, he found himself on an unusually bad road, and

overtaking a bullock-waggon he asked the driver if he would give him a lift? This was readily granted, and the Bishop got up. Now he was not dressed in the peculiar costume of his office, and the driver did not know who it was he was helping. Presently they came to an unusually bad place, and the dray became stuck fast. The driver got out, and suggested that the Bishop should do the same, and do what he could to help, which he did. By-and-by, after much cudgelling, and many oaths and curses, the wagon was got on its way again, whereupon the Bishop asked the driver if he did not think he might have managed to get the oxen out of the hole without the use of such very strong language? The man scratched his head and reflected, then remarked that he did not think he could, but if it had been any other team than this particular one he thought he might have done it; but with this, nothing but the hardest language would avail, "for," said he, "the team was reared in a b—— missionary station!"

Captain Barlow was telling me the other day that, recently, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were fêted and feasted in magnificent style by various bodies and people in Malta; and, in return, the Royal Duke gave a general invitation to *one* luncheon on board the flagship, upon which occasion his wife—the Russian Princess—most graciously ordered that the sailors should have a *pint* of beer each. The Valetta papers sneered at this generosity, and said that the sailors next day, not to be outdone in

liberality by the Russian, treated *themselves* to *two* pints each! For my own part I don't see why Jack should grumble at having only one pint of beer, it was a great deal better than (k)nout!

Saturday,
June 12th.

Up to midnight last night we had some very bad weather; strong winds nearly to the "head," and dirty, squally, and wet, the sea choppy and rolling, and everybody uncomfortable; but this morning we awoke to beautiful sunlight (the first for several days), and the cry was "Land in sight!" We were soon up, and obtained our first sight of Cape Horn! As a boy I had often made maps of America, ending with the inevitable Cape, and had always shown it as being the extreme point of the mainland, although the existence of the Straits of Magellan should have told me differently, but it is not even situated at the lower extremity of Terra del Fuego, being on an island all to itself—Horn Island. The headland of Cape Horn is about 500 feet high, and, as we approach it from the West Coast, looks something like Gibraltar, only, of course, much less imposing. The weather was brilliant and the sea smooth, and there was a frostiness in the air which made everyone feel brisk and in good spirits. The sun set at twenty-five minutes past three. During the evening we passed through the Straits of Lemaire, between Staten Island and Terra del Fuego, and so on past the Falkland Isles.

* * * * *

Thursday,
June 24th.

I am tired of diary-writing, and have written nothing since Cape Horn.

On Saturday, the 19th, at half-past four p.m., we arrived at Rio de Janeiro. The sun was shining brightly, and the water of a glorious blue till we got into the harbour, when it was an equally-beautiful light green. The bay and harbour are beautiful beyond description, hills on every side, of the regular volcanic type. In the entrance to the harbour, are some huge round-topped islands of granite; while the shores of the mainland are covered with gorgeous-coloured vegetation and trees, palms being predominant, and of an exceptional height. We anchored one and a half miles from the quay, and so had to make arrangements with the owners of one of the boats, who agreed to take six of us ashore for six shillings, but when we got into the boat, they demanded ten shillings, or else that we would allow others to get in. But we did neither, and ordered them to proceed; this they would not do, but kept coming up to the ladder again and again, trying to get others on board, but we kept them off, the other passengers helping us. For three quarters of an hour they kept us there, the sea rising very high, and we tossing about and in some danger of being swamped, but I would not yield, and, ultimately, we beat them, and off they went; but they began to serve us out by "catching crabs" and splashing us with water. This we soon stopped by putting up our umbrellas, and as the wind was against us, they quickly complained that it made it hard work! So we put the

ginghams down, and they began to pull with a will and a good temper. I found the distance was twice as far as I had thought, and that ten shillings was not too much, so we paid it, to their surprise and satisfaction.

We made for the "Globo" Hotel, a mile from the landing place, passing the market house, which was surrounded with rotting vegetable matter. Everybody dines at the hotels; and what a Babel it was! We sat at a table patiently for a time, but could get no attention, and so followed the native example, and shouted to the waiters; but it was a miserable dinner; and when the bill was presented I was astonished to see we had to pay thirty-two thousand pieces of money for it—for six persons—not having had half enough to satisfy us. Then for a stroll, and at half-past ten o'clock all assembled at the wharf, where the captain had provided a steam launch to take us on board in the glorious moonlight.

Then I fell to my letters, about thirty of which I found, with any number of papers. The stewards were astonished at the number, and the agent wanted to know who I was. The reading took me till half-past two a.m., and at half-past four we had to get up to go on an excursion with the captain. The steam launch took us on shore again—about forty of us—and then a mile walk to the tramway, which took us to the railway station. The flowers along the streets were very beautiful—poinsettias, twenty feet high, coleas, a dozen feet high, heliotropes

scenting the air, glorious red leaves among the green, and, high over all, the splendid palm tree. The trams are drawn by mules, and go through almost every street; they are well laid, and very cheap. We were to ascend the Corcovado Mountain, 2,400 feet high, by a railway with a central cog. The engine weighed twelve tons, and is of the same class as the Rigi engines. The railway is frightfully steep—one in three, frequently—and for long stretches crossing ravines over slight bridges, and going amongst glorious vegetation, every here and there giving us delightful peeps of the harbour and country around; and at last, when we got to the top, there was Rio Janeiro spread out below us, with the botanical gardens and palm groves and avenues; such a picture as I had never dreamed of. Sydney is nothing to it. On every side immense conical-shaped hills and glorious tropical vegetation everywhere, gorgeous butterflies flitting about, and beautiful flowers all around, and the day simply perfect. Then down again, and on board the good ship "Tainui," after the finest excursion I had ever had, and all at a cost of seven shillings each.

Now we are within five degrees of the equator, the weather unpleasant, squally, and close; our cabin windows closed, and everything uncomfortable. Expecting to get to Teneriffe on the first or second of July.

On Friday, June 18th, the evening before we entered Rio Janeiro, we had a great trial for breach

of promise of marriage. I was requested to act as chief justice. The ladies made us fine wigs from hemp got from untwisting some new rope, and the counsel also had wigs. A bench was placed in the central aisle of the saloon, at which sat the chief justice, Captain Barlow, and Mr. Levine. I was dressed in a wig and a lady's red opera cloak, with skirt of same colour, and with the regulation bibs. The captain had Mrs. T——'s black stuff waterproof, and Mr. Levine a similar one. Huge books of the law (?) were piled before us, and reams of foolscap paper and quill pens of fearful length. When all was ready, I called upon the junior baron to read the Queen's proclamation constituting the court, and then I asked who was for the plaintiff.

"I am, my lord," says Mr. Serjeant Goggs (real name).

"And who is with you, Brother Goggs?" I asked.

And then came the trial, and a screaming farce it was. In front of me sat the clerk, or usher, of the court, dressed like the "beetle" of the House of Commons (deceased); a lively youth, who screamed "Silence!" in outrageous tones, whoever was speaking, and who had to be "hushed" himself. I adopted the tone of Alderman M—— in my observations, without at first knowing whose it was, until I recognised the voice as being that of the worthy alderman. In the end I pronounced sentence; but first the three judges astonished everyone by turning their wigs simultaneously back to front; and I put

on a black cap on top of mine, and sentenced them to be married. Then I turned my wig round again, and said, "The judgment is reversed;" sitting as a court of appeal. It was great fun.

Here is the chief justice's charge:—

"This is a case which demands, what indeed it has had, a most careful and patient investigation. It belongs to an order of proceedings-at-law about which there has always existed a great difference of opinion. I am not referring to opinions held outside this court, for of them we take no cognisance, but of opinions held by the bench of bishops—I mean judges—six of whom have held that for a lady to plead in open court that her feelings have been outraged by the failure of a person to carry out what she thinks or believes to have been a promise of marriage, is in itself to place her out of court, for they argued that for any lady to adopt such an extraordinary course in itself proved that she was incapable of feeling, and never had any. *On the other hand*, another half-dozen judges equally obfuscated, have held, by a majority of three, that for a young person of such a naturally timid, shy and retiring disposition, as the plaintiff in this action for example, to consent to bring such a complaint into court is, equally in itself, to prove that her feelings have been outraged, for how could they have suffered outrage if she never had any? For myself, and without committing the learned judges associated with me in the least, I may say that I entirely concur in both

opinions, although I am bound to confess it would not be difficult to show that they were all untenable. Having dealt with the more general aspect of the question, we now come to the particular case under consideration, and here, at the very outset, we are confronted with a grave difficulty. It would appear as though the learned counsel, labouring under the difficulties inseparable from the limited space for consultations on board ship, have so mixed their respective clients that they have each got hold of the wrong one, for what do we find? We are distinctly told that the defendant, *Mac-Sandie*, went to Westbourne Grove for the purpose of procuring the help, aid, and comfort that a PROVIDER is supposed to give. Now, clearly, a provider is only another name for a HUSBAND, and what could a *man* want of a husband? Perhaps my learned brother Goggs will explain?"

Serjeant Goggs: "Whiteley is a general provider of household requirements, furniture, wives, etc, m'lud."

"Oh, very well, the tradesman Whiteley is a general provider of all household requirements—including wives—a very extraordinary calling, certainly. I am not quite satisfied on the point, which, perhaps, had better be reserved. It appears to me that Blackley, or Whiteley, should have been produced. If he had been called 'we might, perhaps, have found that the defendant, *Ap-Sandie*, had called upon Whiteley in furtherance of his own business, as a dealer in electrical EELS——"

Mr. Serjeant Goggs: "Animal magnetism, m'lud."

"Oh!—ANIMAL MAGGOTS—very well; although I fail to see the difference. But he has *not* been called, doubtless for reasons very well known to the prosecution. And then there are the other witnesses, the evidence of all of whom we consider to be most important and absolutely worthless, demanding far greater and more prolonged attention than we can possibly give it, seeing that it is already long past our USHER'S bedtime. We will, therefore, at once proceed to deliver judgment; but, before doing so, I will call upon my learned brothers, Barlow and Levine, to offer any observations they may have to make."

(The learned judges made their observations, but as one of them had suggested that I should omit mine in order that *they* might have more time, I take this excellent opportunity of totally suppressing theirs. I do this the more readily as they entirely dissented from my views!)

JUDGMENT.

"I will now proceed to deliver the judgment of the court, and, in doing so, may say that after an experience extending over many centuries, according to the Lilliputian Calendar, we are agreed that never before have we had to adjudicate upon so transparent—nay, so complicated—a case. Without any breach of confidence, I may say that ever since my learned brother, Levine, has known that this case would come before him in his judicial capacity, his appetite has been as good as ever it was, and his slumber as

unimpaired and profound. We have looked into this case from all sides, and the more we have seen of it, the less we have liked it; but, in accordance with the terms of the commission under which we have the honour to act, we have endeavoured to well and truly try the tempers of all concerned. Our duty, as we apprehend it, is to decide in such a way as to give peace and discontent to all parties, in accordance with the great and glorious traditions of the English bench.

The judgment of the court, then, is:—

(First) That the defendant, *Ap-Sandie*, do forthwith marry the plaintiff, Miss MacD——.

(Second) That the sum of £2,000 claimed by the said plaintiff, Miss MacD——, in default of her obtaining the defendant as her husband, be paid into Her Majesty's exchequer, to be applied solely to the use, and for the advantage, of such of Her Majesty's judges as sail the southern circuit during the present term."

Friday,
July 2nd.

We reached Teneriffe at about two o'clock in the morning, our great steam fog-horn was blown, and, owing to some mishap which prevented it being stopped, it continued to blow until all the steam was gone. Everyone was soon on deck, but we were not permitted to land, as the authorities at Rio declined to give us a clean bill of health, so, after taking in a supply of coals, we proceeded on our way to Plymouth, arriving there early on the morning of the seventh, after a most pleasant voyage.

The volcanic
eruptions.

Wednesday,
June 9th, 1886.

We quitted the shores of New Zealand on the twenty-ninth of May, and in less than a fortnight afterwards some of the fairest scenes through which we had passed in the Northern Island had become blasted and devastated by a series of awful eruptions from volcanoes that, for ages past, had been considered extinct.

The lovely Pink and White Terraces, over which we had walked so short a time before, with feelings as much of fear and apprehension as of wonder and admiration, were now utterly destroyed, and in their places were a number of awful volcanoes, belching forth sheets of flame, red hot stones, mud, lava, and steam.

The beautiful Lake Rotomahana, across which we were paddled in a canoe from the White Terraces to the Pink, had vanished, the earth having opened and swallowed it up, its waters being instantaneously converted into steam by the awful heat in the underground passages, and, in its turn, causing a most terrific upheaval.

The beautiful village of Wairoa, where we stayed several days, is now buried in ten feet of mud, ashes, and lava, and the hotel in which we stayed completely destroyed by the awful storm of hot stones and ashes which rained upon it from Mount Tarawera, eight miles off, during that terrible night.

During the three weeks we spent in the district I was never quite free from a sense of impending danger, and it is clear not without some reason, for

there were several shocks of earthquake ; and Mount Ruapeluu, which had always been considered an extinct volcano, was smoking as we passed by. Near the post office at Rotorua, too, in the centre of the road, which has been destroyed by the eruption of a number of hot geysers, I saw two or three of them, which had only just appeared, showing that there was unusual activity in the regions below.

The first intimation we received of the catastrophe was at Rio Janeiro, but a few days after our return home I received a letter from an old schoolfellow, residing at Te Puke, more than forty miles from the scene of the eruption, in a postscript to which he gives a brief account of the ruin it had brought upon him and his family. The letter was written before the calamity occurred, and in it my friend gave me some particulars of the hard struggle he had had during the previous six years, and expressed a hope that, at length, things were looking brighter. He closed his letter thus :—

“ We have had such a summer and autumn as would be hard to match this side Paradise, in fact the climate of the North Island is as near perfection as you can find it, take it as a whole. Last year we had

202 fine days.

163 wet (or rain fell).

57° 16' mean temperature.

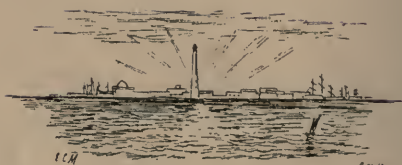
100° max. } in shade.
29° min. }

“I take a newspaper once a week to see how the world wags, it seems full of trouble, ‘men’s hearts failing them for fear, and for looking for those things that are coming upon the earth.’ It looks as though we may be on the eve of great social and political changes.”

If my friend had added the word “physical,” his forecast would have been verified almost before the ink was dry, for on that very night occurred the catastrophe, briefly described in the following hurried postscript to his letter, written in pencil, on the following day:—

“Since I wrote this letter, a fearful calamity has fallen upon us, and upon large numbers besides. Apparently I am utterly ruined by the outburst of Mount Tarawera, all the locality is under ashes from the eruption—all food for the cattle utterly gone, except the bush. I am too much agitated to properly collect my ideas, and where to go or what to do I do not know. I cannot see how we can stay here, for the danger of further eruptions seems imminent, and besides, so far as we can now judge, the land is utterly ruined. The earthquakes were so violent that we fled the house and wandered the roads, taking shelter with a neighbour, whose house was more firmly built. There was utter darkness until noon of the following day.”

Subsequent accounts give some reason to hope that the disaster will not be so permanent in its character as was at first feared. Let us hope it may be so.



AU REVOIR.

Second Edition. Cloth Extra, 290 Pages, Six Shillings.

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL,

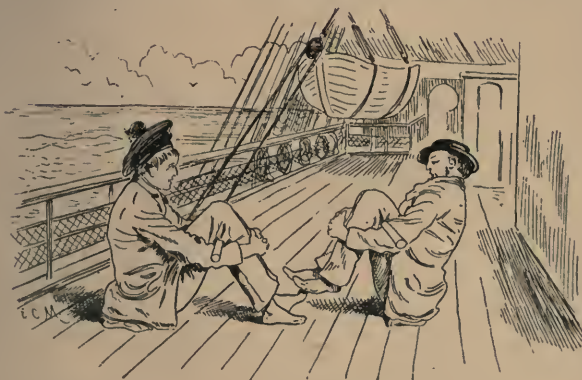
IN

AUSTRALIA, AMERICA, AND EGYPT,

BY
RICHARD TANGYE, F.R.G.S.

WITH EIGHTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. MOUNTFORT.

A CHEAP EDITION IS ALSO PUBLISHED AT TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.



THE BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS AT PLAY.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT says:—"I thank you much for the gift of your volume. I have read it with interest and real pleasure. It is very pleasant to see the world through your eyes and in your pages."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.—"Readable and varied, and illustrated abundantly from clever sketches, many of them by the author himself."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"An amusing little volume, full of sprightliness and good sense."

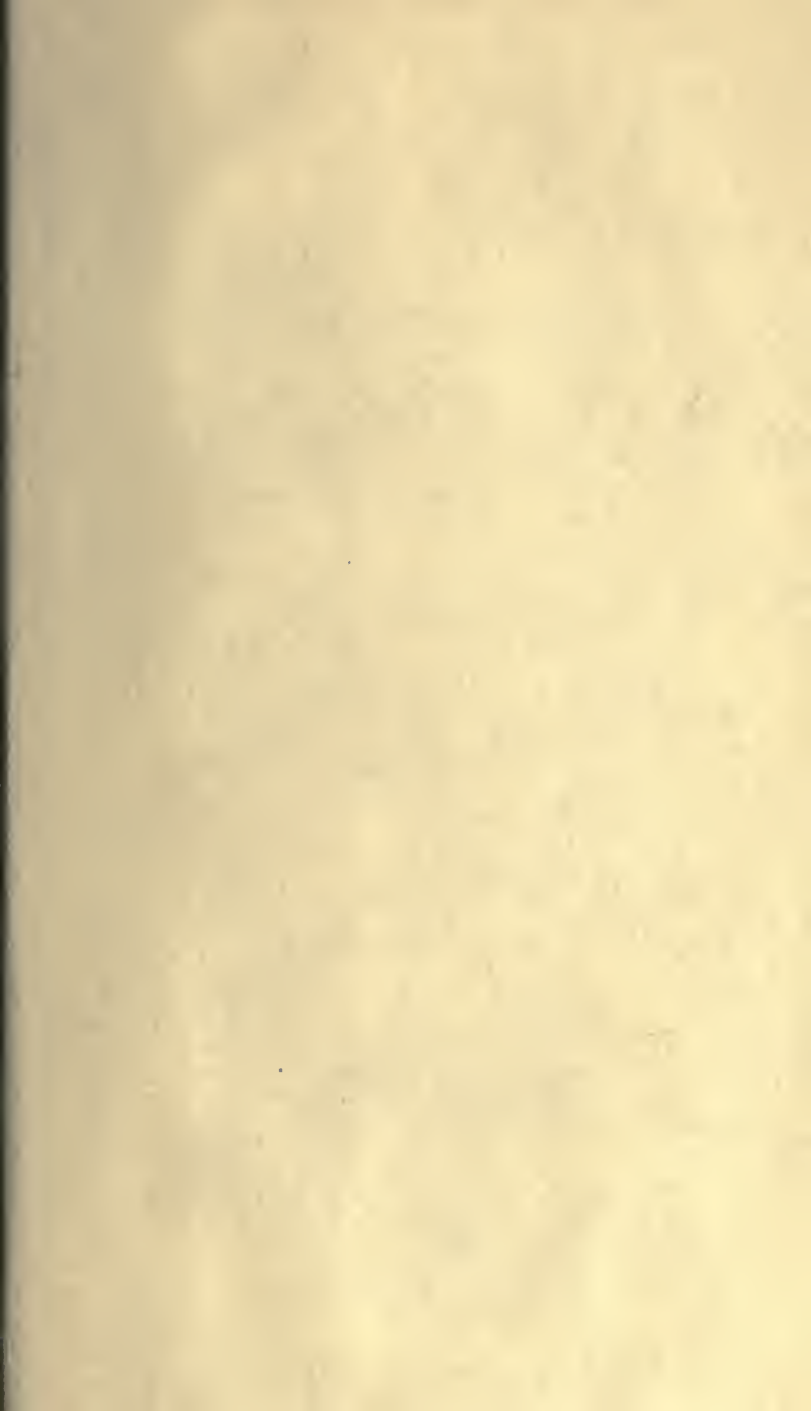
THE ECHO.—"A keen observer, a lover of good stories, a clear, fluent writer, and something of an artist, he has written an exceedingly entertaining book."

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON.
BIRMINGHAM: CORNISH BROS., WILLIAM DOWNING, JAMES WILSON.
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

BIRMINGHAM :

WHITE AND PIKE, MOOR STREET PRINTING WORKS.





University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

MAR 14

Form L9-25m-8,'46(985)

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DU

102 Tangye -

T15n Notes of my
fourth voyage to
the Australian colonies

479202

W. H. ...
MAR 14 1950

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 962 630 0

DU
102
T15n

University
Southern
Library